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Anglican History.

SOME forty or fifty years ago the great body of Anglicans had no desire to be thought the same religious body as that which constituted the pre-Reformation Church in England. They were content to date the beginning of the Church of England as a distinct body from the period of the Reformation. Thus Bishop Short writes: "The existence of the Church of England as a distinct body, and her final separation from Rome, may be dated from the period of the divorce."¹ The same view is still held by the more scholarly historians of the Church of England in our own day. Mr. G. W. Child, for example, writes: "Thus when Henry died a complete revolution had been effected in the position of the Church. Instead of the Church *in* England, it had become in good truth the Church *of* England; instead, that is, of an integral part of that great Western province of Christendom to which it owed its first conversion, and with which it had been one ever since—for nearly a thousand years—it had become, for the first time in its history, a separate Christian community, of which little could be affirmed but that, for the time being at any rate, it agreed with no other, that it retained an anomalous and decapitated form of Catholicism, and that in practice, if not in theory too, it owed its doctrine, as well as whatever of discipline it retained, to its lay supreme head."² On p. 37 the same writer says: "It is clearly shown that there was throughout the period which I have reviewed a constant and close relation between the ecclesiastical authorities of England and Rome, and that that relation was one of dependence and deference on the part of England, and of authority on that of Rome."

There can be no doubt that all this is true. There can be no doubt that the English Church before the Reformation held

¹ *A Sketch of the History of the Church of England.* Third Edition. 1840, p. 102.

² *Church and State under the Tudors.* 1890, p. 264.

and taught that it was heresy not to hold and teach what the Holy Roman Church held and taught; that it was heresy, out of contempt for the Roman Church, to refuse to observe the laws and decretals of the Roman Church. So, in so many words, says Lyndwood, the greatest of English pre-Reformation canonists.¹

And yet the country is being flooded with pamphlets, lectures, and books, whose object is to try to persuade people that the English Church before the Reformation thought itself and was in fact independent of Rome. The writers of these pamphlets, lectures, and books, wish to persuade us that at the Reformation there was no break of continuity in the teaching of the English Church concerning the claims of Rome. They wish us to believe that as since the Reformation the Anglican Church has undoubtedly repudiated the Papal Supremacy, so also did she repudiate it before the Reformation. In order that this view may seem to possess any sort of plausibility, a great deal of manipulation of historical facts is required. I propose to give the reader some examples of this manipulation of historical facts. I will select them from a book published last September, but which has already gone through three or four editions. I refer to "*An Introduction to the History of the Church of England*. From the earliest times to the present day. By H. O. Wakeman, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Tutor of Keble College, Oxford." I believe that in choosing Mr. Wakeman's book, I am selecting no unfair specimen of its class. Its success seems to warrant us in supposing that it is in harmony with the prevailing Anglican fashion. I will examine then how some of the leading historical events in the life of the great St. Wilfrid are manipulated in the interest of Anglicanism by this writer. For this purpose it will be sufficient to give the words of the authorities for those events, and then see how those authorities have fared at the hands of the Anglican historian. Our chief and almost only authorities for the life of St. Wilfrid are Eddi and Bede, both contemporaries of his. Eddi was a monk who, during the forty years that he knew, lived with, and travelled with St. Wilfrid, had abundant opportunities for collecting the information which he has given us in his Life of the Saint. Bede, too, was personally acquainted with St. Wilfrid. The first great event in the life of St. Wilfrid is his triumphant vindication of the Roman way of computing

¹ *Provinciale*, p. 292, s.v. "Declarerunt."

Easter against the Scottish Bishop Colman, at the Synod of Whitby, in the year 664.

Eddi's account is as follows :

Agilbert, the foreign Bishop, and Agatho, the priest, bade St. Wilfrid, priest and abbot, explain the method of the Roman Church and of the Apostolic See in his own tongue with his sweet eloquence. And he humbly replied, saying : "Three hundred and eighteen most holy and wise Fathers, assembled together, investigated this question formerly at Nicaea, a city of Bithynia, and settled among other decrees a recurring cycle of nineteen years. And this never shows that the Paschal festival can fall on the fourteenth day of the moon. This method is that of the Apostolic See and of almost the whole world : and thus after many decisions our Fathers decreed : He who shall condemn one of these let him be anathema." Then King Oswy, when St. Wilfrid, priest, became silent, smiling [*subridens*], asked of all, saying : "Tell me, which is the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven, Columba or Peter the Apostle?" The whole Synod with one consentient voice answered : "The Lord decided this who said : Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And to thee will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." Again the King discreetly said : "He is that door-keeper and key-bearer against whom I contend not, nor do I agree with those who do, and I will in nothing go against his decrees as long as I live."¹

Of Bede's long account of the dispute it will be sufficient to quote the concluding paragraphs :

But as for you and your companions [said Wilfrid], you certainly sin, if, having heard the decrees of the Apostolic See, yea, rather of the Universal Church, and that the same are confirmed by Holy Writ, you refuse to follow them : for, though your fathers were holy, do you think that their small number, in one corner of a very remote island, is to be preferred before the Universal Church of Christ throughout the world? And if that Columba of yours (and I may say ours also if he were Christ's), was a holy man and powerful in miracles, yet should he be preferred before the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, to whom our Lord said : "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?"

When Wilfrid had spoken thus, the King said : "Is it true or not, Colman, that these words were spoken to Peter by our Lord?" He answered, "It is true, O King!" Then said he : "Can you show any

¹ *Vita Wilfridi*, c. 10.

such power given to your Columba?" Colman answered, "None." Then added the King: "Do you both agree that without any dispute these words were principally spoken to Peter, and that the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were given to him by the Lord?" They both answered, "We do." Then the King concluded: "And I also say unto you, that he is that door-keeper, whom I will not contradict, but, as far as I know and am able, I desire in all things to obey his decrees; lest, when I come to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is admitted to have the keys." The King having said this, all present, as well those who sat as those who stood, both great and small, gave their assent, and renouncing the more imperfect institution, hastened to conform themselves to that which they had found to be better.¹

From these accounts of the settlement of the dispute by the two writers on whom we must rely for our knowledge of the event, it seems clear that the question was decided by an appeal to the authority of the See of Rome, whose decrees bound under sin even in England, and that the See of Rome, in the belief of the Synod, had its authority from St. Peter, to whom Christ had given the power of binding and loosing. But such a conclusion is fatal to the theory that the Anglo-Saxon Church was independent of Rome, and so an Anglican historian who defends the continuity of Anglicanism must at all costs explain it away. Mr. Wakeman essays the task in this wise.

With lofty scorn he [Wilfrid] denounced the few obstinate inhabitants of parts of two remote isles who were setting themselves up against the whole civilized world, and daring to pit the authority of Columba, Saint though he might be, against that of the blessed Chief of the Apostles, whom Christ had Himself constituted Head over His Church. Oswiu cleverly took up Wilfrid's point. "Did Christ really say," he asked of Colman, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build My Church?" Colman assented. "And did He ever say anything of the sort to Columba?" The Bishop had to acknowledge that He did not. "And He gave to Peter the keys of Heaven?" "Yes." Then said Oswiu, with a laugh: "For my part I shall obey the rulings of that door-keeper of yours, lest perhaps when I come to the doors of the Kingdom I shall find no one to unbar the gate for me."²

Mr. Wakeman has changed King Oswy's smile into a laugh, and what is much worse, has changed its object. According to Eddi, Oswy smiled when he put the question to all present:

¹ *Hist. Eccles.*, bk. iii. c. 25. Stevenson's Translation.

² P. 33.

"Tell me, which is the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven, Columba or Peter the Apostle?" The humour of the question is obvious. Neither Eddi nor Bede afford the slightest ground for thinking that Oswy laughed when he gave his reason for siding with St. Wilfrid. He seems in fact to have been very serious: "The King said discreetly (*sapienter*)," says Eddi. All this might appear trivial, if it were not for certain observations which Mr. Wakeman makes forthwith.

The decision of Oswiu [he says] is that of a man who, having made up his mind beforehand, prefers to announce his change of front by means of a homely jest, instead of giving his reasons in full; but the arguments of Wilfrid and Colman are very characteristic of the real questions at issue. Colman, if he had known his case, could have demolished Wilfrid's appeal to the decisive authority of St. Peter as easily as Wilfrid demolished his appeal to the decisive authority of St. John. Both were equally unhistorical. But behind the arguments used lay the real questions which were involved—isolation or unity, law or chaos, culture or ignorance, progress or backwardness. The power of Rome was on the side of civilization. Wilfrid's audacious appeal to the conclusive authority of St. Peter in Rome may have been unhistorical, but it expressed at that time a great and profound truth—*i.e.*, that Roman tradition and Papal authority were the forces which, in the coming ages, were to conquer the barbarian world, and consecrate it to the service of Christ. The decision of Whitby meant that the Church of England had determined to take her part in that noble work.

This is too good. Oswy seriously says that he bows to the divinely-constituted authority of the Apostolic See; you are joking, says Mr. Wakeman, you are not stating your reasons in full, you are a far-seeing man, you have the nineteenth century instinct for progress, and progress is on the side of Rome, so you are throwing in your lot with Rome for the sake of progress.

The next event in St. Wilfrid's life which I shall select to illustrate Anglican historical method is his appeal to Rome. Eddi's account is as follows. Queen Jurmenburg, through envy, had poisoned the mind of her husband, King Egfrid, against St. Wilfrid. They sent presents to Archbishop Theodore and prevailed on him to consecrate three Bishops, and give them portions of St. Wilfrid's diocese. The latter asked the King and the Archbishop why they deprived him of his substance without alleging any crime against him. They replied: "We bring no crime to your charge, but nevertheless, we will not

change the sentence pronounced against you." Then Eddi¹ proceeds: "Our great Bishop, not content with such a fraudulent sentence, with the advice of his fellow-Bishops, chose rather the decision of the Apostolic See, as the Apostle Paul, unjustly condemned by the Jews, appealed to Cæsar."

That Eddi's implied comparison between the Pope's position in the Church's Hierarchy and that of Cæsar in the Roman world was quite in harmony with the ideas of his time, is clear from the report which he gives us of the speech of Andrew, Bishop of Ostia, and John, Bishop of Porto, in the Roman Synod under Pope Agatho, which tried and decided Wilfrid's cause. Addressing the Pope, they said: "The ordering of all the Churches hangs on the arbitrament of your Apostolic authority, who hold the place of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to whom the Creator and Redeemer of all, Christ our Lord, granted the keys of binding and loosing." After saying that they have read the letters which Coenwald, the monk, had brought from Archbishop Theodore, as well as Wilfrid's, and giving a brief summary of the controversy, they proceed :

But before he was driven from his see, making known to his fellow-Bishops the merits of the case, the said Wilfrid, Bishop, dear to God, forthwith hastened to this Apostolic See, in which He who redeemed the Holy Church with His Blood, the Omnipotent Christ our Lord, founded the Primacy of the High Priesthood, and established the authority of the Prince of the Apostles. It is granted then to the authority of your Apostolate to ordain in this matter what you may prescribe.²

St. Wilfrid, in his petition read before the same Synod, clearly indicates his view of the Papal authority. The portion which bears on our subject is as follows :

I, Wilfrid, the humble and unworthy Bishop of Saxonie (*i.e.*, England), have directed my steps to this Apostolic eminence, as to a fortified place and a tower of strength, God leading the way; because I confidently expect that justice will be done to my lowliness in that place whence, I know, the rule of the sacred canons goes forth to all the Churches of Christ, scattered throughout the whole world, handed down by Apostolic preaching and accepted with full faith. . . . Why Archbishop Theodore, without my consent, on his own authority, should intrude three Bishops into my see, it becomes me rather to leave unmasked than to ask, out of reverence for such a man: whom indeed I do not dare

¹ C. 24.

² Eddi, c. 29.

to accuse because he has been sent by this See of Apostolic pre-eminence. . . . But if I regain my former episcopacy, with all my powers I venerate the sentence pronounced by the Holy See, only [I ask] that the intruders by your synodal decree may be driven from the churches over which I, your unworthy servant, presided. And if it shall provide that Bishops be appointed in the same diocese over which I presided, at least let it command that such men be promoted with whom I can serve God in peace and tranquil concord and unanimity. So that each of us may know the rights of the church granted him and may watch over those committed to him . . . I trust that I shall show all the obsequiousness of devoted obedience to the Apostolic decrees, to whose equitable judgment, having cast away my all, with full confidence I have hastened.¹

Of these professions of readiness to submit to the decision of the Holy See, Pope Agatho speaks thus: "He says that he will receive what by our mouth our founder, Blessed Peter, the Apostle, whose ministry we exercise, shall define."²

Such identification of the reigning Pope with St. Peter, whom Christ commissioned to rule His Church, is very common in early ecclesiastical literature. A celebrated instance occurs in the Council of Chalcedon, when the assembled Fathers, on hearing St. Leo's letter read, called out: "Peter has spoken thus by Leo."

Even Canon Bright acknowledges that St. Wilfrid looked upon the Pope as the divinely-appointed Head of the Church, with authority to rule; he writes: "The law obtained by Leo from Valentinian III., commanding all Western Churches to obey the 'Pope of the Eternal City,' would to his [Wilfrid's] mind express the legitimate subjection of the Hierarchy to its divinely-appointed chief."³ An interesting letter of St. Aldhelm, a contemporary of St. Wilfrid, written in the name of a Synod of the English Church, to Geraint, the British King of Cornwall, shows what was the belief of the English Church at this time concerning the Papal authority. We may quote the following passages:

Then there is a rumour contrary to the faith of the Church spread far and wide, that in your province there are certain priests and clerics who pertinaciously refuse the tonsure of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. And they excuse and defend themselves by saying that they imitate the tonsure of their fathers and predecessors. . . . And since this is so, by our common heavenly country, and by the company of

¹ Eddi, c. 30.

² Eddi, c. 31.

³ *Early English Church History*, p. 287.

angelic spirits, with earnest prayers and bent knees, we adjure and beseech you brethren, that you no longer with proud contumacy of heart and obstinate breast abhor, and trusting in tyrant obstinacy by no means arrogantly despise the doctrine and decrees of Blessed Peter, and the tradition of the Roman Church, on account of the ancient statutes of your forefathers. For Peter having with blessed voice confessed the Son of God deserved to hear: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church,' &c. . . . If therefore the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were given by Christ to Peter, of whom the poet sings: The heavenly key-bearer who opens the gate of Heaven: who that despises the principal statutes of his Church, and contemns his commands will joyfully enter the gate of the Heavenly Paradise? . . . And that all may be concluded in one short sentence, in vain he emptily boasts of the Catholic faith who follows not the teaching and rule of St. Peter. For the foundation of the Church and the groundwork of the faith being placed principally in Christ and secondarily in Peter, will by no means rock or be shaken by the onslaught of whirlwind and tempests.¹

Another contemporary of St. Wilfrid, Hwætbercht, Abbot of Wearmouth, in a letter to Pope Gregory II., renders thanks to God in the name of his brethren "in that He has thought fit to appoint you, who are such a glorious vessel of election, to be the ruler of the Church Universal in our times (*regimini totius ecclesiae præficere dignatus est*)."²

So that the sentiments and ideas of St. Wilfrid and his English contemporaries concerning the Papal authority are well known from authentic documents of the time. They recognized that Rome was the source of supreme legislative authority in the Church Universal, that by Papal authority for just cause English Bishops might be deposed and others substituted in their place, that the doctrine and decrees of the Pope were the doctrine and decrees of Blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, whom Christ had appointed to rule His Church, and that Catholic faith was useless unless joined with due subjection to Rome. They recognized that the Pope was appointed by God to be ruler of the Universal Church.

And now let us see what Mr. Wakeman says about St. Wilfrid's appeal to Rome. The extract is rather long, but it is too precious a piece of Anglican historical method to curtail.

Wilfrid at once [he writes], in hot indignation, took a step for which probably Theodore was little prepared. Without deigning to plead before the Metropolitan or the King, both of whom he looked upon

¹ Haddan and Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 268.

² *Ibid.* p. 299.

as his enemies, he appealed straight to the Pope and left for Rome, to urge his cause at the Apostolic See. It was the opening chapter of a long, tangled, and highly controversial history, which only ended at the crisis of the Reformation in 1534, but it is not to be supposed that Wilfrid realized in any way the importance of the step which he was taking. By appealing to the Pope to override and set at nought the action of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities in England, he did not in the least intend to maintain, as a matter of principle, the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff over the domestic affairs of the Church of England, much less to admit on behalf of the bishops and clergy of the English Church that they were merely the servants of the Pope, exercising his delegated powers. Such views belong to a much later stage in the history of the development of the Papacy. To Wilfrid's mind the question was much more simple. He had been grievously wronged by a vindictive King and an arbitrary Metropolitan. To whom could he turn for justice? His fellow-bishops were all the nominees of Theodore, and were implicated in his action. But the Church of England owed her very existence to the great See of Rome. The Metropolitan himself was appointed to his office but a few years ago, and entrusted with the authority which he had so greatly abused, by the successor of the founder of the English Church. If justice was to be had against Theodore in the whole wide world, Rome was the only possible tribunal, and the Pope the only possible judge from whence to obtain it.

Theodore and Egfrid, the King of Northumbria, on the other hand, must necessarily have seen the matter with other eyes. No king could be indifferent to a claim set up by a subject to invoke at his own will the interference of a foreign authority in the affairs of his kingdom. No Metropolitan at that time could admit the claim of a suffragan to drag his superior, whenever he liked, before the judgment-seat of the Pope. The primacy of the See of Peter, unhistorical though it might be in reality, was at that time believed in as a fact. No one in Western Europe, least of all Theodore, would deny that if a serious and doubtful question of Church order arose in his province, the proper course would be to ask the opinion of the Pope and act upon it, just as Augustine had done in important matters before. But that was a wholly different thing to an admission of the unlimited right of a Bishop or a priest to invoke the interference of the Pope whenever he found himself in disagreement with his Metropolitan, a doctrine which would logically involve the total loss of independent authority by Bishops and Metropolitans. Theodore, accordingly, merely sent a statement of his view of the case to Rome, and quietly went on with his work.¹

Mr. Wakeman's laboured hypotheses to explain the perfectly obvious motives of St. Wilfrid, remind us of the drunkard's explanations to a friend, that as he came along the ground kept

¹ Pp. 38, 39.

rising up and hitting him. They are so preposterously topsy-turvy. I will not go into equally laboured detail to point out where he differs from the authorities: it is scarcely necessary. But I should have liked a little more explanation as to when and by whom it was ever maintained that the Catholic Bishops and clergy "were merely the servants of the Pope, exercising his delegated powers." And then Mr. Wakeman seems to admit that Theodore was entrusted with authority by the Pope. How could this be, unless the Pope had it to give? The Pope, on Mr. Wakeman's own showing, must have had authority over the English Church. And yet Bishops and Metropolitans were independent. And how can justice be had from a judge who has no jurisdiction? And who ever maintained that a suffragan could "drag his superior, whenever he liked, before the judgment-seat of the Pope"? And how are we to know when a subject is merely asking the opinion of a superior and acting on it, or obeying that superior? And did any one ever defend "the unlimited right of a Bishop or a priest to invoke the interference of the Pope whenever he found himself in disagreement with his Metropolitan"?

These are some of the questions suggested by this remarkable passage. The last sentence is perhaps the most remarkable of all: "Theodore accordingly merely sent a statement of his view of the case to Rome, and quietly went on with his work"! Theodore sent a monk with the requisite documents to represent him and defend him against Wilfrid, and Wilfrid found him already in Rome when he arrived, and found too that he had been active. What else could we expect a dutiful Metropolitan to do in such a case? But he "went on with his work." Well, was he to remain idle until the weary cause was finished?

But is not Mr. Wakeman right in the main, after all? Was not the Papal decision rejected by both Archbishop and King on Wilfrid's return to England? "At last," says our historian, "armed with a Papal Bull drawn up in due legal form, directing his reinstatement to his old diocese, he presented himself before Egfrid and the Northumbrian Witan, confident of victory. He was rudely disappointed. Neither King nor Witan was going to submit to the dictation of a foreign power. They roundly accused Wilfrid of bribing the Roman Court, refused to acknowledge the Bull, and, after imprisoning him for some time, banished him from the country."¹

¹ Wakeman, p. 40.

Certainly, if the sentence, "Neither King nor Witan was going to submit to the dictation of a foreign power," represents the real attitude of the King and Witan towards the Pope, there would be one argument at least for the continuity of Anglicanism. But does it? Let us go to our authorities: Eddi is the only one for this event, out of which so much has been made by Anglicans. His account is as follows. On Wilfrid's return to England from Rome—

Bearing the standard of victory, that is, bringing with him the decision of the Apostolic See, with peaceful salutations he approached the King; and humbly showing he gave to the King the written judgment of the Apostolic See with the consent and signature of all the Synod, with bulls and seals; then he showed it to all the princes dwelling there, and to the servants of God called together to the place of Synod to hear the wholesome counsels sent by the Apostolic See for the peace of the Churches. But when they heard read certain matters which were difficult to them and contrary to their will, certain of them contumaciously rejected them. Moreover (what is more detestable) they noised abroad to the ruin of their souls that the decision, which had been destined by the Apostolic See for the salvation of those that should observe it, had been bought with money. Then by order of the King and his Council, with the consent of the Bishops who held his bishopric, they led him into custody and kept him for nine months in dishonour. Now the King (as we have said) having opened and read the writings of the Apostolic See, and (which is horrible to relate) together with his courtiers in anger despising the judgment of Peter the Apostle and Prince of the Apostles, who has from God the power of loosing and binding; and swearing by his salvation he severely ordered our holy Bishop, robbed of his possessions, to be kept apart in custody with nothing but his clothes, and all his subjects to be dispersed abroad, and none of his friends to come near him.¹

It is clear from this how Eddi regarded a sin of disobedience to the Apostolic See. Moreover, it is clear that the King and Witan did not reject the Papal authority as such. When some on whom the Papal sentence fell heavily had spread the rumour that it had been obtained by a bribe, then this sentence was rejected. Would Mr. Wakeman say that a son who disobeyed a difficult order of his father had thereby rejected parental authority? Not the slightest hint is given of the King and Witan looking upon the Papal sentence as the dictation of a foreign power. In fact, it is clear from the King's subsequent action that his conscience upbraided him for what he had done.

¹ Eddi, c. 34.

For, as Eddi tells us: "At the very time when the King had him detained in prison without any sign of honour, he lavishly promised that he should have in part the bishopric which he possessed before, and other gifts, if he would yield to his commands and decrees, and would deny that the canonical statutes which had been sent by the Holy See were genuine. He humbly, and yet with confidence in the Apostolic authority, replied that he would rather lose his head than ever confess that." Behold, an upright will that knows God cannot be changed."¹

Canon Bright, again, is more historical than Mr. Wakeman. He says: "The line taken by Egfrid 'and his counsellors,' if we may believe Eddi—and we have no other informant—was signally unworthy, yet not impolitic as an expedient for the time. They did not touch the broad question of Rome's right to receive the appeal; they assumed that Wilfrid had got a verdict by bribing the tribunal, and dealt with him accordingly."²

So that the rejection of the Papal decision in favour of Wilfrid by the Northumbrian King and Witan cannot be brought forward as an argument that the English Church of the time thought itself independent of Rome. But, Mr. Wakeman will urge, the conduct of Archbishop Theodore at least shows this, since he took no notice of the Papal sentence.

The conduct of Archbishop Theodore was certainly not such as we should have expected, but still it does not show that he considered himself independent of Rome, because we know that he repented of it as sinful before his death. For, being advanced in years and anxious on account of frequent sickness, "impelled by fear, honouring the authority of the Apostolic See," says Eddi, "by which he had been sent into England, he no longer deferred his reconciliation" with Wilfrid. He therefore invited the holy Bishops, Wilfrid and Erconwald, to London, and spoke thus to them :

This offence which I have committed against thee, most holy Bishop, causes me the greatest trouble, in that I gave consent to Kings who without cause or crime deprived you of your substance, and to the grief of your subjects drove you, alas! into long exile. And now I confess to the Lord and to Blessed Peter the Apostle. And be you my witnesses, my fellow-Bishops, I try to draw and constrain by every means all my friends, Kings and princes, willing and unwilling, to friendship

¹ Eddi, c. 36.

² *Early English Church History*, p. 298.

with thee for the remission of my sin. For I know by revelation from God that after this year the end of my life approaches, and therefore I adjure thee by God and St. Peter to consent that while living I may make thee heir to my archiepiscopal see, because in truth I acknowledge thee to be the most learned of thy nation in all the wisdom and in the dooms of the Romans.

Wilfrid prays that God and St. Peter may forgive him, and asks him to write to his friends that "according to the command of the Apostolic See some portion of his substance may be restored" to him. Accordingly, the "Archbishop sent letters to Aldfrid, the King of the Northeners, by which he adjured him, on account of the fear of the Lord, and the commands of the Bishops of the Apostolic See, and for the redemption of the soul of King Egfrid, who first deprived our Bishop of everything and drove him, though innocent, from his country, to deign to be reconciled with him for the salvation of many." He wrote also to Ethelred, King of the Mercians. "Why say more?" says Eddi; "King Ethelred, on account of the authority of the most Blessed Pontiffs, Agatho, Benedict, and Sergius, who held the dignity of the Apostolic See, canonically and freely receiving our Pontiff, restored him many monasteries and estates of his, and holding him in the highest honour, remained his faithful friend to the end of his life."¹ Aldfrid, the successor of Egfrid, invited Wilfrid to return from exile, and "first of all," says Eddi,² "gave him the Monastery of Hexham with the possessions pertaining thereto, and after an interval, according to the decision of the most Blessed Agatho, the Bishop of the Apostolic See, and of the holy synod, he restored to him his own episcopal see in the city of York, and the monastery at Ripon with its revenues, after driving out the foreign Bishops." So that finally the sentence of the Holy See in favour of Wilfrid was put into execution, and that it was the recognized authority of the Holy See which caused Wilfrid to be restored, is clear from the words of Eddi, as well as from the expressions used by Wilfrid himself and Archbishop Theodore. Yet Mr. Wake-man's account of the reconciliation is this:

The year of Cuthbert's episcopate was also the year of a great reconciliation. Egfrid and the Abbess Hilda, the chief opponents and enemies of Wilfrid, were now dead. Aldfrid, who had succeeded to the throne, was not actuated by the same personal sentiments. The work of the division of the English dioceses and the establishment of the

¹ Eddi, c. 43.

² *Ibid.* c. 44.

authority of the metropolitan was now complete. . . . The time had come when he could be generous without danger to the Church, while the splendid work of Wilfrid in the south, where now even the Jutes on the Isle of Wight had become Christian, called for recognition. Negotiations were opened by the Archbishop with Wilfrid and Aldfrid, and terms were soon arranged. Nothing was said on one side or the other about the decision of the Pope. It was simply ignored. But arrangements were made by which Wilfrid should, as far as possible, receive back for his lifetime his old diocese. . . . Perhaps the arrangement was in the nature of a compromise, by which Wilfrid was permitted to regain for the moment a diocese conterminous with the kingdom, on condition that he agreed to its immediate division according to the Archbishop's scheme.¹

"Nothing was said on one side or the other about the decision of the Pope"! Why, Eddi puts the authority of the Pope as the first of the motives which led the Archbishop to seek reconciliation with St. Wilfrid. The command of the Pope was given as the reason why St. Wilfrid asked for the restitution of part of his diocese. The Archbishop, in his letter to Aldfrid asking him to become reconciled with Wilfrid, put the fear of the Lord and the precept of the Apostolic See as the first of the motives which should influence him. It was the only motive which he alleged in his letter to the Abbess Aelfleda. It occupies the first place among the motives suggested in his letter to Ethelred, and according to Eddi, "the authority of the most blessed Popes" prevailed with him.

Mr. Wakeman might have read all this in a single chapter of Eddi's Life of St. Wilfrid. But I would fain believe that our historian has never read the original authorities for the history of the English Church. I would not willingly believe that Mr. Wakeman, knowing the facts, has wilfully perverted the truth, and so grossly too, about so sacred a matter as the history of the Church of God. I believe that he has drawn his matter from secondary and untrustworthy sources, and has been led astray by a principle which he states very frankly in his Preface. He there writes :

My object has, therefore, been to draw a picture of the development of the Church of England rather than to detail her history, to explain rather than to chronicle—in fact, to give an answer, in a short and convenient form, to the question so often asked, How is it that the Church of England has come to be what she is? I have, accordingly, endeavoured to fix the attention of the reader upon that which has

¹ P. 44.

proved to be permanent in the history of the Church, and to avoid burdening his memory with facts and details which, though often very important and interesting in themselves, have not had a lasting influence upon her fortunes.¹

In other words, Mr. Wakeman would say that, since the Papal Supremacy has not proved to be permanent in the history of the Church of England, he has avoided burdening the memory of the reader with facts and details which show that the Papal Supremacy was once admitted, and he has *explained* rather than chronicled many more facts and details which he could not altogether omit. As a further illustration, we may take the account of the second appeal of St. Wilfrid to the Holy See. After saying that troubles broke out afresh after the death of Theodore between Wilfrid on the one hand and King Aldfrid and Archbishop Bertwald on the other, Mr. Wakeman says :

The fault of Wilfrid, in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, lay not so much in his masterful temper and arrogant claim of superiority, as in his want of patriotism. They could not forgive the man who had sought to coerce his own King, and reverse the decisions of the national Witan by the help of a foreign Power, however venerable and sacred. The stubborn narrowness of English patriotism blazed out against outlandish control championed by Wilfrid in the seventh century, just as it did in the middle ages against the outlandish friends of Henry III. or the outlandish wife of Henry VI. It was not that the Northumbrian kings and clergy were wanting in respect or reverence for the See of Rome. They were willing to listen to the counsels of the Pope with all due deference. But they could not forgive the English Bishop who, despising his own national institutions, sought to bring them under the control of the foreigner.

Accordingly, at Easterfield, there was little attempt at compromise, but merely a demand for submission. When Wilfrid understood this, his anger burst forth. He renewed his appeal to the Pope, and challenged his accusers to meet him face to face before that august tribunal and make good their charges. Undeterred by the weight of sixty-eight years, he undertook a fresh journey to Rome. Again he pleaded his cause before the Pope, and claimed on his side the previous decisions of no less than three of his predecessors. Again he proved victorious. After a patient investigation, John VI., assisted by a council of Italian Bishops, decided in Wilfrid's favour. But, taught by experience, the Pope no longer ordered the reinstatement of Wilfrid in his old see, as Agatho had done, but wrote letters to Aldfrid and Archbishop Bertwald, recommending the settlement of the matter by a Synod in England in a way agreeable to the decisions of the Holy See. The advice was accepted by Bertwald, though not by Aldfrid.²

¹ P. v.

² Pp. 45, 46.

Let us compare this *explanation* with the true chronicle of events as given by our authority, Eddi. According to Eddi, the chief opponents of Wilfrid at Easterfield were the Bishop and some Abbots of his district, who alleged the decrees of Theodore against him. After saying humbly that he would yield to them, Wilfrid, "with many harsh words, upbraided the obstinacy which they had not feared to show for twenty-two years against the Apostolic authority with contentious resistance ; and he asked them with what face they dared to set at naught the Apostolic statutes of Agatho, Benedict, and Sergius, most holy Popes, which had been sent into Britain for the salvation of souls : or to choose rather the decrees of Archbishop Theodore, which, as we have said, he made during the period of discord." Then, when they wished to deprive him of his dignity and revenues, he again appealed to the Holy See. "On hearing this," Eddi proceeds, "the Archbishop and King said : 'Now as he has become culpable, let him be condemned by us, because he chooses their judgment rather than ours.' And the King added a promise to the Archbishop : 'If you bid me, I will immediately compel him by force of arms to confess himself ready this time to submit to our judgment.'"¹ The other Bishops, however, refused to sanction violence, and the Synod broke up.

After the Synod, Wilfrid went to King Ethelred and begged him not to deprive his monks of the means of support which had been given them by him. The King answered that he would change nothing "until he had sent messengers of his own to Rome to ask about the causes which were pending, so that, desiring what was right, he might be saved." After being excommunicated by the hostile Bishops, Wilfrid went to Rome, again pleaded his cause before Pope John, who, having heard both Wilfrid and the envoys of Archbishop Bertwald against him, pronounced sentence "by the authority of Blessed Peter the Apostle, and the Prince of the Apostles,"² in Wilfrid's favour. But as all concerned had not been present in Rome, the Pope ordered Bertwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, to hold a Synod, and, after hearing all the parties concerned, to try to effect a final settlement ; which if he did not succeed in doing, the parties were ordered to appear again before the Holy See, and the matter was to be decided in a fuller council.

The holy Pontiff wrote to Ethelred, King of the Mercians,

¹ C. 47. ² Eddi, c. 53.

and Aldfrid, asking them, "for the fear of God, and for the reverence and peace of the Christian faith which our Lord Jesus Christ gave to His disciples, to grant their help and assistance, that what by God's inspiration we have planned may have its effect, so that for this religious effort a reward may be assigned you in Heaven, and, as with Christ's protection you reign securely on earth, you may be partakers of His Heavenly Kingdom."¹ Which words express briefly and pithily the *rôle* of the Christian king in the Christian Church in religious matters, according to the teaching of the Popes, and may be recommended to Mr. Wakeman's careful attention.

On Wilfrid's return to England, he first approached Archbishop Bertwald, "who promised to mitigate the harsh sentence formerly passed in Synod; because [says Eddi] he was compelled by the Apostolic authority and frightened by the letters sent by his messengers, and trembling he became unfeignedly (as the event proved) reconciled in peace with our holy Bishop." Then he went to King Ethelred, and gave him the letters of the Holy See. "On opening and reading the letters of the Apostolic See the King prostrated himself on the ground and promised obedience, saying: 'Never will I condemn one letter of these writings of Apostolic authority, nor will I agree with those who refuse to execute them, but according to my power I will strive for their execution.' . . . He immediately called his son Coenred and adjured him in the name of the Lord and by his love for him to obey the commands of the Holy See, who voluntarily promised to do so."

King Aldfrid, after some hesitation, refused permission to Wilfrid to come and exhibit the Pope's letters, "because," as he said, "what the kings my predecessors and the Archbishop with his council settled, and what afterwards we together with the Archbishop, who was sent by the Apostolic See, and with almost all the Bishops of Britain decided, I will never change as long as I live on account of the writings of the Apostolic See, as you assert."

"But this determination he afterwards," proceeds Eddi, "entirely changed, and he truly repented. . . . For the Divine vengeance did not delay, but according to the prophecy of the Bishop of the Apostolic See, held the King straitly bound in the bonds of illness. Who forthwith, as he was very wise, recognizing that he had been stricken by the Apostolic power,

¹ C. 54.

VOL. XC.

moved by repentance, confessed the sin which he had committed against Bishop Wilfrid, contrary to the decision of the Apostolic See, saying, 'If by any means he could come to me while I yet live, I would straightway amend my fault.' And he vowed to God and St. Peter that, if he rose healed of that illness, he would arrange everything according to the desire of the holy Bishop Wilfrid, and the decision of the Apostolic See. 'But if, by God's will, I should die, in the name of the Lord I command my heir, whoever may succeed me in the kingdom, to come to peace and concord with Bishop Wilfrid, for the remedy of my soul and his.'¹

In the first year of the reign of Osred, Aldfrid's son, Archbishop Bertwald called together a great Synod, as the Holy See had ordered, to decide Wilfrid's cause. It met on the banks of the River Nidd, and the Archbishop opened the proceedings with the following words :

Let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ that He would grant peace and concord in our hearts through the Holy Ghost. For I and blessed Wilfrid, Bishop, have letters from the Apostolic See sent to me by messengers, and similarly brought by him: we humbly ask that they may be read in your revered presence. On leave being given, they were read from beginning to end. Then Berthfrith, the second in rank after the King, said: "We who require a translation would like to know what the Apostolic authority says." The Archbishop answered: "The decisions of the Apostolic See are long, but the sense of both documents is the same, which I will briefly explain. For the Apostolic power which was first given to the Apostle Peter of binding and loosing, by its authority has decided about blessed Wilfrid, that in my presence though unworthy and of the whole Synod, the Bishops of the Churches of this province should lay aside their long-standing enmity, for their souls' welfare, and be reconciled to blessed Wilfrid. For the option is given to my fellow-Bishops to choose which they will of two decisions of the Apostolic See: either to make peace fully with Wilfrid, and restore him the parts of the Churches which he formerly ruled, as the wise men with me have judged right; or, if they refuse this best course, they are all to go before the Apostolic See and be judged there in a greater council. But if any one through contempt refuse to adopt either of these courses (which God avert), let him know that if he be king or layman he is excommunicated from participation of the Body and Blood of Christ; but if he be bishop or priest (which is more execrable and horrible to utter) he is to be degraded. These are the decisions of the Apostolic See briefly expounded."

¹ C. 59.

But the Bishops resisted and said: "What our predecessors, Theodore the Archbishop, sent by the Apostolic See, and King Egfrid decided, and afterwards the Bishops of almost the whole of Britain, and you, most excellent Archbishop, with King Aldfrid settled, how can any one change?" Then the Abbess Aelfleda mentioned the last will of King Aldfrid, and after her Berthfrith spoke: "This is the wish of the King and his princes, that we obey in all things the mandates of the Apostolic See and the commands of King Aldfrid. For when we were besieged in the city which is called Bamborough and surrounded on all sides by a hostile army, and we were straitened, taking counsel together, we promised God to execute what the Apostolic authority commanded concerning Wilfrid, the Bishop, if God should grant the kingdom of his father to our royal boy. And immediately after the vow, our enemies changed their minds, and, swearing friendship, the gates were opened, we were freed from our straits, and the enemy being put to flight, we gained possession of the kingdom."¹

After conferring together, all made a lasting peace with Wilfrid, and restored him his two best monasteries of Ripon and Hexham, with all their revenues.

I have given this lengthy summary of the final settlement of St. Wilfrid's troubles from the contemporary authority for those events, and as far as possible in that writer's own words, in order to show the reader what the real attitude of Englishmen of the seventh century was towards the Holy See. While reading it we see what a gross perversion of facts is contained in sentences like the following: "The stubborn narrowness of English patriotism blazed out against outlandish control championed by Wilfrid in the seventh century," &c., and: "The advice [of the Pope] was accepted by Bertwald, though not by Aldfrid;" and similar ones contained in the above extract from Mr. Wakeman's book.

And these are no unfair specimens of the book as a whole. It is not a history of the Church of England at all; it is a lawyer's brief for the defendant on his trial. In the most sacred interests of thousands of simple souls who are being hoodwinked by such literature, it becomes all honest men, who have the opportunity, to speak out the truth.

T. SLATER.

¹ C. Co.

The Opportunity of Wealth.

THE recollections awakened by the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, disclose a considerable advance in material prosperity through the political and social reforms of sixty years, reforms which have been mostly conceived with intelligent prevision, and which have tended to the obliteration of class privilege and to the promotion of the labouring class. This direction of the intelligence of our age has further received recognition in the various forms of Jubilee commemoration which have been adopted, and especially in the action of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are naturally the first subjects of the Queen, and leaders in the nation's loyalty.

Not the most optimistic, however, of our countrymen for a moment imagines that the task of the English people is complete, or that even the particular direction in which our advance has been recently made demands of us no further effort. The contrary view was prominently expressed in the Pastoral of Cardinal Vaughan on the occasion, which gratefully acknowledges the "personal interest and activity" of our popular Prince, and finds "abundant reason for thanksgiving" in the improved condition of the people. His Eminence, however, proceeds to remind us that "there still exist hovels unfit for human habitation, over-crowding, a cruel cutting down of wages under the sweating system, and other evils that await redress;" words which echo with a striking solidarity the social appeals of his illustrious predecessor, and receive dutiful recognition from the Catholic community, even if they are not still more widely influential. The Supreme Voice in Christendom has spoken the same language.

The occasion becomes therefore appropriate for the consideration of questions which concern the relation of different classes to one another, and the opportunities that still remain of improving the status of the labouring class.

The institution of property is recognized, the rightfulness of private ownership is undoubtedly upheld, in Christian economics, and has recently been vindicated by the Supreme Head of Christendom. It is an historical commonplace that assault upon the institution of property has regularly preceded or accompanied revolution, in which political society is overthrown. It is important for the welfare and even for the stability of States, that owners of property should keep a firm hold on their possessions, and should strenuously resist every attempt to weaken their legal rights. For in fact, the rights of property concern everybody who is not a rogue, when the question is logically exposed. It is not the possessor of large estates whose interest is threatened when proprietary rights come into debate. It is equally the hind and the mechanic.

The English people is to be congratulated on national traits of character, with which the theories of socialism are out of accord. Our characteristic phrase is to inquire whether anything is *fair*, and individuality is our chief distinction; individual resource, individual pride, independence, self-reliance, self-interest. What any one has made for himself, what he has earned, the result of his enterprise and toil, he claims as his own, and is jealous of any other proposing to deprive him of the full enjoyment of it. The contention of the labourer in England, as impugning the position of the large owners of wealth, is precisely that he is defrauded, and the action of Trades Unions is conceived on the ground of proprietary rights. The labourer, it is urged, does not receive what he is fairly entitled to receive, he does not get his own. Such is the contention in every wages dispute, and the existence of property, the indefeasible rights of property, are assumed in urging it. Again, if one man is more industrious than another, or more clever, it is only right, according to our phrase, that he should get the benefit of either superiority. There is hardly any one who does not esteem himself to be worth more than some other, and who would not at once repudiate the idea that he is not to be better off than that other in consequence.

Where these ideas are accepted, the possession of wealth and the existence of inequalities in possession become admitted facts of the situation. Nor does it make any difference whether the wealth is acquired by the personal exertions of the possessor or obtained through inheritance. What any one has earned, he claims the right to keep for himself or to give away as he

pleases, and testamentary disposition is a provision of civilized societies to obviate the inconvenience of gift during the lifetime of the possessor, or is at most an extension of the admitted right of free disposal by gift. Make testamentary disposition onerous or disadvantageous, and proprietors again revert to the method of gift during lifetime. This has recently been exemplified in our country.

Nevertheless, while the institution of property is upheld, it is always admitted that the rights of property are subject to limitation. We commonly express this by saying that property has its duties. The imaginations of the advocates of socialism are rejected by the Christian code equally as by the reasonings of philosophy. The greatest philosopher of antiquity denies the expediency and disputes the abstract justice of the abolition of private ownership within a State. Yet the practical working of private ownership should not be for selfish aims. Community of goods is impracticable. Yet goods become shared among the members of a community through the action of social sentiment—*κοινὰ τὰ φίλων δί' ἀρετήν*.

In Christianity the matter is yet more plain. Here property, like every other condition of human life, is according to the Divine permission and subject to the Divine law. If the possessor of wealth is accountable to no one else, he is accountable to God for his disposal of it. As related to the law of God and the Divine government, his wealth is not his own; he holds it as a trust, he is merely a steward, who has to render an account "to the uttermost farthing." Heine remarks that the Church will never have the support of the wealthy until "the great camel question" has been solved. If Christianity condemns the rich to eternal misery, how can it expect to include them among its adherents? A knowledge of human nature, however, or the experience of history, discovers a different inference. Men are not repelled but attracted by a doctrine which uncompromisingly proclaims what their conscience witnesses to be just. Historically, the condemnation of riches within the Church has not alienated the rich, and where the teaching of Christ is accepted, there lavish expenditure for the cause of the poor is encouraged, not only by the blessing which Christ bestows upon the poor, but by the wholesome fear which every rich man entertains who believes the words of Christ, lest his own salvation should otherwise be jeopardized. The invasion of the irreligious spirit in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries not

only demolished churches, but suppressed monasteries and confiscated the funds of trade guilds. The monastic administration of the large revenues formerly devoted to religious and charitable uses, has been arraigned, and may not have been in every instance prudent or unselfish. But the administration of funds in trust for the poor has not been less open to arraignment since.

Whence did the Religious Orders obtain their wealth? It did not drop from the sky. It was given to them by the wealthy portion of the community, in order that they might be disbursers of it in charity. The wealth of the monasteries in the middle ages testified to the effect of Christian belief in modifying and limiting the exclusive ownership of wealth, and in bringing about that true community of goods, in which the goods of Christians are shared for the sake of Christ's precept—*κοινὰ τὰ Χριστιάνων διὰ Χριστόν*.

But the times are changed. In the first place the Church is no longer representative of the entire national sentiment. The sects, the cult of liberalism, deist, agnostic, mere negation, exist alongside of the Church, and severally number their adherents. The government of a State is outside of religious profession, maintains an attitude of indifferentism, opposes the activity of the Church, which inevitably conflicts with this attitude. The Church is oppressed and obstructed. Because a negative attitude towards all religious creeds does not escape being a creed itself, and is more intolerant and bigoted in its action as it is devoid of any infusion of the Christian spirit. With the decline of faith, the rich live unconscious of their peculiar hazard, which it is miraculous to avoid, and make no heroic sacrifices. Christian devotion is superseded by the administration of the civil law, and there is no fund available to support a large and efficient organization for ameliorating the condition of the poor.

Secondly, the deposit of wealth is no longer the same. The balance of political and social power has appreciably shifted. With the extraordinary development of mechanical science, and the consequent increase of trade and commerce, the ownership of land confers less consequence than the possession of scrip. The agricultural part of the nation is overridden, not so much by the numerical preponderance, as by the greater enterprise and self-assertion, of those engaged in trade and manufacture. Thus the relation of the labouring poor towards

persons of wealth and social consideration, has altered from that which might subsist between tenant and landowner. The division between rich and poor is enlarged. On the one hand is beheld the accumulation of wealth beyond the imagination of past centuries, with luxurious display to correspond; on the other, a considerable population obtrudes itself in oppressive or insurmountable poverty. There is an assumed opposition between the one class and the other. Employers and employed have interests mutually antagonistic; what one loses the other gains; and each watches the other to gain an advantage where he can, and to parry any movement of advance on the part of his antagonist. Conflict is avoided only so long as there appears no opportunity of success in embarking in it. The best that can be secured is an armed neutrality.

This changed condition is very imperfectly realized, as regarding the relation which the superior class within the community should hold towards the general welfare. Generosity is not lacking in conspicuous examples, and social opinion in the wealthy class approves the obligation, but there is little idea of the direction in which generosity should be exercised, or of any principle or system on which its employment should proceed. When the present opportunities of wealth and the immense accumulations in the hands of owners are contemplated, it must be seen at once that the obligations of such a position cannot be fulfilled by contributing to the taxation of the country. No system of *indirect* taxation can represent the differences between the resources of rich and poor, and graduation as applied to *direct* taxation is perhaps justly regarded as a dangerous innovation. Nor does municipal rating attain more nearly the true proportion. Rates have been recently said to be really paid by the landlord, and this may be true in the country districts, so long as the price of corn is fixed by the foreign market. But in normal conditions the established economical theory remains probably correct. Nor has the objection much to do with the matter. Wealth is no longer represented by the ownership of land, unless in exceptional cases, where the price of land has been raised through extraneous causes.

Under no present conditions does the possessor of an income of £5,000 pay proportionately in taxation, as compared with the possessor of £500 per annum, that is to say, pay ten times the sum paid by the other. And if it were so, the justice of the case would not still be met. It is admitted in the ethics

or economies of political finance, that the taxable capacity of any one must be considered to be his surplus income, over and above what the necessities of existence demand. This limit to one cannot be allowed to be indefinitely larger than to another. When the obligations of the upper ranks of society are mentioned in their defence, this is still an artificial enhancement, and besides, even when admitted, cannot cover the whole of the higher expenditure of the wealthy. The true taxable proportion of an income of £5,000 as compared with one of £500, is not according to a mere arithmetical ratio, which still is not reached, but must be doubly and trebly ten times the proportion of the smaller income. It is impossible that the proportionate inequality of the taxation of rich and poor can be viewed without the greatest dissatisfaction, unless and so far as it is recognized that the ownership of wealth constitutes a position apart, a position of its own, entailing responsibilities and obligations, in which others are not called to share. This must be *recognizable* by the community at large, and can only be so, when it is *recognized* by the wealth-owner. Moreover, the tendency of modern legislation is every year to remove obligations from private contribution, in which of necessity the larger cost is defrayed by the wealthy class, and to place them upon the rates or the general taxation of the country, under which the wealthy cannot possibly contribute their true proportion.

The position is not at the present time sufficiently recognized or recognizable. The superior class within the community obtains less honour and deference than in former ages, while at the same time, as was observed at the outset, it is of the last importance for the stability and welfare of the State at large that this class should occupy a strong position, and should have the prestige to enable them to do so. Observing their waning influence, and sometimes also conscious of active disfavour, the possessors of wealth have sought to justify themselves and their class by large public munificence and more lavish support of recognized charitable institutions, and of every adventitious appeal to English wealth and generosity. In numerous instances a considerable additional sum is yearly expended in private benevolence of which record seldom appears. No one would wish to do other than express the greatest admiration for such munificence, and hold in honourable regard the high motive from which it may frequently proceed.

Nevertheless the objection may be made, that large as the

total sum of such expenditure, or as the several items, appear upon paper and to the imagination of those who are not possessed of this degree of wealth, that is to say, to the community generally, the sum still falls immensely short of what we might desire to be appreciated as the true expression of Christian faith and culture. We should compare our own efforts, representing the colossal fortunes which are now built up, as against what has been done in past ages with much more limited opportunity. We may consider, in those more properly Christian times, the vast endowments of educational and eleemosynary institutions up and down the country, the accumulated wealth of religious corporations which were dispensers of charity, even the building of churches and cathedrals, so far as this is evidence of the proportion of their wealth which the wealthy in those times thought it incumbent on them to give away.

Secondly, it may be questioned whether the expenditure of generosity is directed in the best manner, or applied to the right objects; whether there is not a waste of energy. Some years ago the population of London alone was estimated to contribute over £4,000,000 annually, towards charitable expenditure of one sort or another. The question is whether such an annual sum, rightly laid out, might not be expected to stamp out the greater plague of unthrift and want, in the same way as some persons imagine that rabies or some cattle plague may be stamped out. The relief of destitution, as such, is a never ending task. If you improve the condition of the poor, you only create more poor. Whatever advance in the decencies and comforts of life is made, the population multiplies correspondently, so as to keep the margin of misery always constant. The relief of distress, if wisely and intelligently undertaken, is a noble work; but as fast as you relieve it, the distress grows upon you. You come no nearer a solution, that is to say, a permanent improvement of the conditions of life. You not only have the poor always with you, but you provide for having always more poor. This does not seem a satisfactory result to accept. Were it now a sufficient fulfilment of our obligation towards poverty to continue with our present method? Or rather to reflect whether there could be no other method? Otherwise it is *propter beneficentiam beneficiendi perdere causas.* Charity is no remedy. Reconsideration of the entire position appears to be of more use.

In the society of the past the relation of tenant and labourer to the territorial lord was one of subservience, a relation moreover of use and wont, unquestioned, taken as a natural and inevitable arrangement. The employer of labour was held responsible in public opinion for the welfare of those who worked for him, and labourers had no conception of organized action, for their own interest and disregarding the favour or displeasure of their employer.¹ The trade guilds of the past were of an opposite design to the modern trade unions, inasmuch as they were incorporated to protect a particular trade interest, not the separate interest of the workers in the trade, and a federation of trade guilds, as now of trade unions, would not have carried out the design of their formation, but have been destructive of it. The concerns of the labouring population, of those whom poverty might oppress, were thus more closely than at present in the hands of the wealthier class, and the rich occupied in various capacities a position of direction and control over those for whom they were responsible. This relation has not been deliberately abandoned, but has passed away with the changes time has brought. The consequence is that the superior class has become isolated from the rest of the community, has lost its relation to other classes, and misses its proper and natural function, not through any failure in generosity and devotion on the part of the class, but because it has not got the key to the situation. Its traditions are gone; its old place in society has disappeared; new combinations have come up, into which it has not entered. A preponderating section of the class itself belongs to the new order, a piece of the new garment that will not avail to patch the old. Holders of stocks, as a distinct element, are of very recent creation. The millionaire appears to hold no relation to any one. What is his function in the construction of society? He conceives of it as fighting for his own hand, while fending off hostility by generous concession all round—commercial self-consideration modified by large civic beneficence. He is the inventor of “charity by

¹ How ill the ancient idea consorts with modern conditions, is illustrated by a case within the personal knowledge of the writer, where it was said, in explanation of the destitution of an aged couple, that the custom of the village was for farm labourers to be assisted in their old age by those for whom they had worked, but the farmer who should have assisted in this case had left the neighbourhood. A tyro in economics is aware that the farmer had obtained the labourer's services for his forty years at a less wage in consideration of the above “custom of the village.” The labourer is quite simply and openly defrauded.

cheque." In business or benevolence, he is always successful. And those who benefit by his largess will rise up and call him blessed.

The old order cannot be restored, we infer, in the same form as of old. Yet there is no reason why its advantages should not be retained. Just as monarchy is no longer that of the Plantagenets or of the Tudors. But we do not therefore abrogate monarchy. The true account of the matter is that so long as human nature is unaltered, and so long as human association proceeds on its present lines, there will be a certain portion of the community that lives on the produce of labour without itself sharing in the production. In former times, this class consisted almost entirely of those who live on the rent of land, of landlords. But the holder of stock belongs to the same class to-day. The French language even names him *rentier*. You may have your money invested in a railway or a dozen farmsteads, but you are equally, as it is called, a man of independent means, you do not work for your living. There is thus formed a leisured class, in which higher culture is possible, and higher intelligence is therefore reached. The explanation begins of course with the bounty of nature, which tends to give a largely superabundant return, beyond what is required for the support of all concerned in the production.

This superabundance is not due to any art or labour of man. It is a premium bestowed over and above the reward due. This is readily understood in the case of rent, but in reality the same analysis applies to every instance of varying returns.¹ The principle is abundantly exemplified at the present time, and in forms which are easy to comprehend. Whether in the holding of land or of stocks, wealth falls to this or that person, as it would seem, by a kind of chance, without his lifting a finger; there is an "unearned increment" that makes the millionaire. The appearance must be—and even to himself—that he has not produced his wealth, but has been selected as the person on whom it should be bestowed; and his responsibility for its employment is imposed therewith. According to the existing disposition of mankind and the resulting order of their association, the superabundance arising from the bounty of nature is, so to speak, precipitated in individual possession, and does not remain in solution in the general community. If our dispositions, if human association in consequence, were otherwise,

¹ See Walker, *Fol. Econ.* §§ 306, 307.

this economical solution would not take place. The constitution, however, of human nature is according to the design or with the allowance of the Creator, and the concentration of wealth, as described, beyond question subserves a beneficial end. The productivity of labour is increased ; and the elegances and refinements of life, the progress of science and the creations of art, find their place.

Meanwhile the bounty of nature is intended for the good of mankind universally, and certainly those who contribute to the production should have some share in the unlooked-for premium. The labourer may best benefit with the existing accumulation of wealth, may benefit more fully than if the whole of the returns were distributed as produced, provided always that this is recognized, by those in whose hands the accumulation falls, as a divinely ordained or divinely adjudicated arrangement, which is to be observed in the fear of God and in obedience to the moral law. There is a perpetual royalty for the benefit of labour chargeable on all incomes, which are acquired without exertion on the part of those who receive them. Those in whose hands property accumulates, as they are naturally superior in intelligence and moral force, so a species of dominion is inevitably exercised by them, and this is a grace for which they are held accountable and which they communicate to their entire social class. The possession of wealth, or of independent property, as it is called, may not be considered the qualification for political or social power, but nevertheless, those who properly hold such power will be found to be the representatives of this class.¹

The function of a superior class, that for which their accumulation of wealth is allowed them, is the function in some sense of over-lordship. It is not the function of charitable relief, except in so far as this may be included in the other. For poverty may be due to accident, or loss of health, or decrepitude ; but it is also the product of indolence, unthrift, ignorance, vice ; or again of bad social conditions and misgovernment. It would belong to the position of the superior class, to their political and social influence, to ameliorate these conditions, to combat the invasion of ignorance and vice ; they would create and maintain decency and order, they would exercise direction and control. The superior class is not largely concerned with the

¹ Democracy abolishes the distinction of rank, but by no means that of wealth. Socialism has not yet been tried, but the more extreme form of democracy is an unstable equilibrium and leads to militarism.

remuneration of labour ; but the good estate of the labouring class is their concern, in proportion as they have influence and as they undertake responsibilities beyond what is in the power of other sections of the community.

But these, it may be said, are abstract propositions, which we all accept in some sense, though perhaps without drawing quite so definite conclusions. What is this over-lordship ? What would it come to ? What would it practically mean ? It would mean undoubtedly more direct action than is at present generally attempted or understood as feasible. It would mean the action of a class—not of individual members—which possessed higher qualities and more serious appreciation. It would mean feudalism back again ? Well, no ; nothing ever comes back again. But the constitution of society under feudalism certainly supplies a suggestion, an analogy ; that is to say, when we have first purged our minds of the silly stories with which our notion of feudalism is confused. The contention is that up to the introduction of the modern social system, there were certain reciprocal services performed by the superior class, for the benefit of labour and in the interest of the community at large, and that at present there are no such services performed, unless casual and temporary. The objection to feudalism is not surely that it imposed obligations on wealth and rank ; and it does not constitute an advance, that these obligations have been allowed to slip through in the transition from the mediæval to the modern system. The contention is not that the mediæval was superior, but that it had taken account of inherent elements of social order and prosperity, with which the modern has omitted hitherto to discover its relation.

It must be recollected also that a new element is introduced into modern over-lordship through the elevation of commercial alongside of territorial dignity—among various other new elements of the situation which are less in the foreground. The mediæval only provided for what alone was in existence, the exercise of the territorial power. This vanishes or is obscured in the modern construction, when the commercial power enters ; and then the new combination has not recognized as a class any incumbent obligations of the kind. The new aristocracy, or the compound of the new and the old, has not approached the problem which the old aristocracy solved according to its lights, however inadequately it may seem to ourselves. The territorial element has dropped its traditions or

seen them destroyed ; the mercantile element takes a convenient *bonhomme* view, which the others also have generally caught. Wealth means more possibilities than those of others, but not obligations. Pooh ! I do my duty to the revenue, and a bit of benevolence work besides. I don't ask any one to do anything for me. Why should I do anything ? Yes ; if you come to me and ask me to write you out a cheque, as I said, I am a benevolent man. But if you talk of obligation, I wish you good-morning.

Nevertheless, as we have seen, neither in political philosophy, and still less in Christianity, is the answer for a moment admissible. There is an obligation ; the purpose of the accumulation of wealth is to promote the well-being of the community ; wealth loses when it leaves the obligation unfulfilled. The notion will then come to this, that social functions demanding wealth and the wide influence of wealth, demanding leisure and an open mind, without the predispositions of commercial intimacy, should be fulfilled by those who possess such qualifications, or else the functions will go unfulfilled, to the general loss. Society is a natural growth, and throughout the natural world any failure to observe the law of the phenomena brings its own retribution. The country wants leadership. Insubordination spreads, vice flourishes unchecked, law and decency go unheeded, labour is unfruitful, the national character degenerates, the national prestige passes to other lands.

If the true account of the matter has been given, if the explanation of what has happened and is happening can be allowed, then at any rate, it may be hoped, the evil symptoms of the day are not irremediable, and something might be attempted towards improving our society with fair likelihood of success. Suppose, then, that persons are presently found among the class of wealth-owners associating themselves together to re-establish the true relation of their class towards the community. How would they set about their design ? What would they do ? What would be practically the operation of such associated effort ? It would undoubtedly be many-sided. And there is practical wisdom and Christian instinct among those who would be pioneers sufficient to discover the duties of their stewardship. But as an example, and a conspicuous and clamorous example, of what would properly come within their field, may be instanced a large amount of disorganization and misery, of hardship and destitution, which is not brought about

by misfortune or external causes, but arises through moral disqualification first of all.

When the condition of the unemployed or the "submerged tenth," or whatever may be the title of the hour, whenever the condition of the poorer class of labourers, becomes the topic, this is mainly the explanation. It is the bad workman, the unreliable workman, the idle and dissipated workman, who is first thrown out of work. The *residuum*, who occupy the lower class of tenements, only find occasional employment, for a few weeks or months in the year. There is a lower class still, short of actual criminality, who herd in fever dens and doss-houses. And finally there is the vagabond pure and simple, who would not work if he could. It is the existence of this lower grade, whether in the tenement or the doss-house—and its numbers abound in large towns—which creates most of the difficulties of the situation, hampering the respectable working population, keeping wages low, promoting the "sweater," and spreading the infection of rowdyism and disorder. It is very obvious that charitable relief is no remedy here. But it is equally obvious that if any social improvement is to be undertaken, here it must begin. No one would for a moment deny that this state of things concerns the function of a superior class, if they have any function.

But inactivity will be excused, precisely on the ground of the changed conditions of social life, which, on the contrary, we maintain the inactivity contributes to perpetuate. It is a democratical age. How do we propose to bring these people under our control; what ground have we for approaching them? Is not the suggestion—very excellent, no doubt, and really if it could be carried into effect most beneficial, but—absurdly impracticable in modern times? Of course, there is no compulsion to be used; the law will only in a few cases give aid. But short of physical force, there is compulsion which is indirect and none the less imperative. The power of associated wealth is very large, and the influence of the wealth-owning class ramifies in many directions. Their action would be supported by public opinion—a powerful coercive force in a democratic country—not excluding the opinion of the operative class, which has quite sufficient intelligence to understand its class interests, and is aware that it suffers materially through the existence of this *residuum*. Improve the condition of the degraded labourer, convert the vagabond element into some better efficiency, and

the productivity of labour increases, wages rise, the wealth of the country obtains a considerable accession, in which those most largely participate who are invited to inaugurate the improvement.

The promise of such an enterprise, as compared with ordinary charity, on whatever scale, is like the difference between an orchard and a pleasure garden. In either case there is money to be spent, but when it is spent on the orchard some of it comes back to you. This is no unimportant consideration as bearing upon the question, which lies in the foreground, of what possibility there may be of inducing men of independent wealth to look with favour on such a proposal as is here made. Many examples may be found to prove, that wealthy men are not indisposed to make sacrifices, and that a large sum of money may be got together, once they can see a real work to be done, which can be put on a proper business footing. The sacrifice contemplated would no doubt be considerable, as the work would require a large organization and extensive machinery, and could not be made effective without an unsparing and determined use of the wealth at command, though no doubt a prudent and discriminate use. It would not be more than comparable, however, with what was the expenditure through voluntary donation on similar objects in former ages.

It appears in the guise of a duty, and as the reparation of an injustice, however unconsciously committed. The class of wealth-owners resumes a position of dignity and usefulness towards the community at large which it may possibly be felt is not at present fully realized. The credit and consideration of the class is concerned, even if it be not their material interest and stability. *Noblesse oblige.* Those who are highest in the nation prove their title. In some earlier Arctic expedition it was recorded that those accustomed to labour succumbed before the gentlemen, and that the officers had at last to drag along their disabled men. The issue undoubtedly concerns national interests, like other issues on which the upper classes have spoken and written much, have felt deeply and have acted. Why should they not act again?

Lastly, the issue concerns our Christianity. Nothing effectual can be done for the regeneration of society unless from a Christian motive and with a Christian aim. And the law of Christian effort is sacrifice—sacrifice which is personal and real. It is not the charity of the subscription list, though this too

may represent a generous motive and have a noble object, but there is a charity which is "twice blessed," and which "covers a multitude of sins." If there is anything defective in ourselves, if we are hardly able to speak reprovingly of failure and misdoing in other portions of the community, who shall say how much we may all gain by the acceptance of a duty laid upon us, and by the example of a great national act of reparation and of devotion, soberly and practically—with our special genius for constructive and restorative work—having its foundation laid, and going on and rising up, stone by stone, and brick by brick, in the midst of our daily concerns?

St. Polycarp.

Deprecans supercertari semel traditæ sanctis fidei.

THE shouts of hate and scorn had died away,
The noonday splendour of the eastern sun
Shone on the mangled corpses as they lay,
While, creeping one by one,

The gaunt grey lions, fresh from Afric's shore,
All heedless of the ravage they had wrought,
Sated with human flesh and human gore,
Their dens in silence sought.

And all was silent for a while that day,
Save when, at intervals, from ocean-caves,
One heard the distant everlasting play
And murmur of the waves.

But only for a while—a sullen cry
From that fierce multitude again arose :
“ Not such as these, who do not fear to die—
Not these, we want, but those

“ Whose features paint the failing soul's despair,
The nameless dread they scarcely dare avouch—
Those make our pastime, and the eyes that stare,
The limbs that bend and crouch :

“ But where is he, the coward whom we seek—
 He hides at home,” clear rose the cry and sharp—
 “ The father of the Christians, bold and meek,
 The traitor Polycarp ? ”

And where was he ? Not fearful of his fate,
 Not fearful of the torture or the cord,
 He lingered near, determined to await
 The summons of his Lord.

His dearest wish, for Jesus’ sake to fall,
 A warrior’s life was all he had to give :
 Not yet ; the greatest sacrifice of all
 Was, not to die but live.

And so alike to him was calm or strife,
 His work to preach the word of Truth divine.
 “ Our wills are ours,” he said, “ O Lord of life—
 Are ours—to make them Thine.

“ Get me the grace to love Thee more, and take
 All things as from Thy hand and in Thy name ;
 Just as the great Apostles for Thy sake
 Rejoic’d to suffer shame.”

The summons reached him ; round his comrades stand
 Ready to succour, but he waved them down.
 He would not fly : he knew the time at hand
 To win the martyr’s crown.

“ I had a vision, friends, three days ago ;
 In sleep, methought, my pillow was on fire,
 Encircling me from head to foot : the glow
 Rose higher still and higher,

“ Until it filled the place from end to end—
The flame did choke, or seemed to choke, my breath.
By this I know God chooses to portend
The manner of my death.”

’Neath an imperial canopy of state
Sate the Proconsul, round him Roman spears,
On which the nations of the world did wait
With trembling and with fears.

The power of Rome o’ershadow’d all the earth,
But in her midst e’en now the seed was sown ;
Another strength had struggled into birth,
And mightier than her own.

It gleam’d a light from Paul’s compelling eye,
O’er Stephen’s angel-face its glory ran ;
Its voice inspired the fishermen’s reply :
“ God we obey, not man.”

“ Art thou then Polycarp ? ” the Roman said ;
“ Gaint such as thee, poor wretch, do Romans wage
A paltry warfare ? Spare thy hoary head,
Have pity on thy age ;

“ Come, swear by Cæsar’s genius—hither bring
The incense—call him lord, thy Christ deny.
Curse that Name once—ah ! ’tis a little thing—
Why wilt thou choose to die ? ”

The old man raised his head, his eyes not dim,
But flashing from beneath uplifted brow ;
“ For six and eighty years have I served Him—
Can I revile Him now ? ”

“ He never failed me, never did me wrong,
His mercies ever faithful, ever sure ;
Shall I not love Him ? He has made me strong
To keep His doctrine pure.

“ The Son of God, who made God known to men ;
The Son of Man, who lifted men to God,
Who gave them grace to know the truth, and then
To tread the path He trod.

“ Human, Divine, the link 'twixt earth and Heaven,
The bridge to join time and eternity ;
The Saviour of the soul, to whom was given
To set the captive free ;

“ To loose the galling bonds of death and sin,
To heal the broken-hearted, young and old ;
Refresh the weary, and to gather in
His children to His fold.

“ Why seek ye me ? What did ye think to find ?
Am I a traitor, Polycarp, the guest
Of that belov'd disciple who reclin'd
Upon the Master's breast ?

“ He taught the faith that in his bosom burn'd,
Precept upon precept, line on line,
Which, once delivered to the saints, he learn'd
Himself from lips Divine.

“ Daily the Word increases more and more :
What will ye do ? Can man 'gainst God prevail ?
For heaven and earth shall pass away before
One jot or tittle fail.

“ My course is finish’d, I that bear the name
Of Smyrna’s angel in the Book of John ;
As I received the word of Truth, the same
In turn I hand it on.

“ Each day a link is added—once again
A glorious vision on my brain is hurl’d ;
I see the Church of God, a mighty chain,
Encompassing the world.

“ Once more I see her, like a spreading tree,
With branches wide, a monarch of the glade,
Whereto shall come the nations thankfully
For rest beneath its shade.

“ For Christ and for His Church this day I stand—
That faithful company He left behind,
To heal the sick, to preach through every land,
One heart, one soul, one mind.

“ With whom He promised that He would unite
Himself for ever to the end of days,
When hope and faith shall lose themselves in sight,
And prayer be turn’d to praise.”

Thus ended Polycarp : a silence fell—
A solemn silence on that concourse vast.
He heard a voice that whisper’d, “ All is well,
The fight is won at last.”

The games were over now, the day was spent,
The judge would spare, but knew not what to do.
“ Then let the Christian to the fire be sent,”
He said : the dream came true.

And so the persecution ceased : a name
 Was added to the glorious martyr-roll,
 As, praising God amid the smoke and flame,
 Passed that heroic soul.

R. C. S.

NOTES.

1. *The father of the Christians.* Comp. "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the puller down of our gods," etc. (*Letter of the Smyrnaeans on the martyrdom of Polycarp.*)

2. *Our wills are ours, &c.* Comp. "Our wills are ours, we know not how ; Our wills are ours, to make them Thine." (*Tennyson.*)

3. *I had a vision, &c.* Comp. "And while praying he falleth into a trance three days before his apprehension ; and he saw his pillow burning with fire. And he turned and said unto those that were with him : 'It must needs be that I shall be burned alive.'" (*Letter of the Smyrnaeans.*)

4. *For six and eighty years, &c.* Comp. The well-known answer of Polycarp. "Polycarp said, 'Fourscore and six years have I been His servant, and He hath done me no wrong. How then can I blaspheme my King who saved me ?'" (*Letter of the Smyrnaeans.*)

5. *Smyrna's Angel.* Comp. Rev. ii. 8. There is a tradition that identifies the Angel of the Church in Smyrna with St. Polycarp.

6. *Prayer be turn'd to praise.* Comp. "Ah ! dearest ; with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all
 was well,
 And turning prayer to praise." (*Newman.*)

7. *The persecution ceased.* Comp. "The blessed Polycarp, who stayed the persecution, having as it were set his seal upon it by his martyrdom." (*Letter of the Smyrnaeans.*)

Paul Verlaine.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

(E. Barrett Browning.)

IN Paris there passed away, January, 1896, a poet, the leader of a group of men who, rebelling against the hard and fast laws prescribed for French poetry, started on a road of their own, and became known as poets of the "Décadence," a term invented by the man of whom we now intend to write.

It may seem a paradox to compare a man so mercurial as Paul Verlaine, a poet of the great god Pan's own fashioning, to the pendulum of a homely grandfather's clock swaying to and fro in its narrow case. Yet in his existence Verlaine resembled that pendulum, ever oscillating between good and evil, and never remaining long in either mood. Few were his hours of morning sunshine, when flowers glistened under their veils of dew; bitter and full of evil his troubled noonday, succeeded by seven years of total eclipse as regards the world of letters, a period in which he disappeared as completely as daylight into the oblivion of night, whose mantle, gemmed "with golden tears which men call stars," shrouds alike the living and the dead.

Paul Verlaine, born at Metz, 1844, was the son of a French officer of the bourgeois class which was so detested in after-life by the poet. It is impossible to say from which side of his family Paul may have inherited his tendency to mysticism, and the gipsy-like aversion to all self-control evident in his conduct and in his writings. However, we may safely infer that he acquired from his mother, whom he tenderly loved, the faith which in his hour of disgrace and humiliation reasserted itself in his soul.

Paul Verlaine was educated in Paris, where he was taught very different lessons from those of his infancy. At this time the Third Empire was approaching its tragical end. Wilder than ever was the whirl of society, more lavish the scattering of gold, and more intense the spirit of luxury that invariably corrupts its adherents. Never did France seem more prosperous, when, three years before the crash, nations flocked to the Paris Exhibition, wherein were collected all inventions and works of art that had ever issued from human brains. Paul Verlaine, young and ardent, with a mind ready to grasp new ideas and little means of self-support, must have eagerly responded to the seductive spirit breathing around him, a spirit leading to the ominous "Danse Macabre" that ended in the fusilades of the Commune.

Whether Paul fought among the Mobiles in Paris or whether he joined Gambetta's levies in the provinces is unknown. However, the sights and sounds of warfare were hardly over when he married; and to a small volume of verse written before the war, he now added a second, entitled *La Bonne Chanson*, in honour of his wife, who was little more than a child. For a short time they were intensely happy, until the stern necessities of poverty shadowed their life's young dream. Mutual disenchantment ensued, and then came the climax when Verlaine, having lost some of his wife's money in a foolish speculation, their home was broken up for ever, although little can be told about this misfortune, as a certain obscurity has always hung over this episode of Verlaine's life.

He now shook off with his shirt collar the conventionalities of ordinary existence, and as a Bohemian vagabond he set at defiance those ideas of respectability dear to the mind of a French bourgeois, and wandered over France, Belgium, and England, accompanied by Arthur Rimbaud, whose extraordinary poetry had attracted some attention. As the state of their finances probably did not admit of frequent railway journeys, we may assume that much of their travelling was effected on foot, tramping along dusty or muddy roads, and lodging often *à la belle étoile*; Paul Verlaine all the while describing what he saw and heard, throwing over every object the light of his poetic imagination.

These desultory rambles ended suddenly one day in Belgium, when in the course of a brawl with Arthur Rimbaud, or some one else, Paul Verlaine either tried to stab his opponent or fired

a shot which, although it injured nobody, brought him into the hands of the police, and as a consequence of this rowdy behaviour the poet was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at Mons. Rimbaud disappeared, never again to be heard of, while Paul sat in his lonely cell, where he had ample leisure for reflection. Away from the excitement of Bohemian life, Verlaine at length realized his degradation; and the gaol chaplain perceiving that he was not like his usual black sheep, took interest in the wretched man, and by degrees roused his sentiments of repentance. When Paul Verlaine left the prison he had regained the faith of his childhood, which he always preserved, in spite of many serious aberrations of conduct.

The next seven years were spent in total silence, so far as poetry was concerned. It is said that for some time he found a refuge as a penitent at the Grand Chartreuse, where the solemn daily Offices of the Order of St. Bruno calmed his mind, and raised his thoughts into a purer sphere, while the beauty of the surrounding mountains also exercised a soothing influence. However, Mr. Symons, a personal friend of the poet in later years, makes no allusion to this retreat of Verlaine, but says that he spent these seven years of complete obscurity as a teacher of languages in England, Germany, and France. He was always restless, moving from place to place, until he finally succumbed to the fascination of Paris, and passed the remainder of his days in "Brasseries," or beer-houses, like Pousset's, or in *cafés*, with men, admirers of his poetry, who, attempting to imitate him, merely caricatured what they were incapable of reproducing.

Paul Verlaine broke his long silence by his volume of hymns called *Sagesse*, where in many original and beautiful lines he expressed his pious emotions, in which chiefly consisted his idea of religion; for, as he once observed, he was only a *Catholique du moyen age*, somewhat resembling those palmers in scallop-shells, wandering minstrels, and still ruder populace, whose emotional devotion was so curiously blended with sudden fits of broad and comic irreverence, often verging upon blasphemy. Though imbued with modern ideas, Paul Verlaine would really have been more in his true element had he lived in the middle ages, sauntering on foot or riding on a mule from walled city to village, from stately abbey to castle, perfectly unhampered by the demands of our very complex civilization.

Impatient of restraint, Paul Verlaine frequently dipped the

delicate wings of his muse into the mire, and so incalculable has been the mischief he and his disciples have wrought, that even in prominent French reviews, warning voices have been raised in protest against the blighting influence exercised by the Decadent poets.

In his brilliant lectures upon "L'Evolution de la Poesie Lyrique de France," M. Brunetière declines to acknowledge Verlaine as a true symbolist, declaring that rarely has there been a poet so personal as this man, who sang only of his own emotions, his own experiences, recklessly laying bare every cranny of his morbid brain, with a cynicism and want of reticence which he perversely considered the acme of simplicity, refusing to recognize that in poetry, as in every art of life, simplicity does not consist in the overthrow of those limits prescribed by the laws of nature and art, within which all that is finite must have its boundaries. Verlaine's ambition was to portray in his poems not merely the thought and word, but the very shade—*nuance*, as he said, of whatever passed through his mind, thereby often considerably confusing and obscuring his meaning. For it should be remarked that whenever a shadow is cast upon an object, it must have the effect of taking away clearness of outline, as well as the distinct view of its substance. In some cases shadow is an additional beauty, toning down what otherwise might be crude or glaring in form and colour. But when shade, or *la nuance*, is applied to thought, which in itself is prone to be vague and involved, it must necessarily add still further to the quasi-obscurity in which our thoughts generally lie; and it should therefore be remembered that for a thinker there can be no greater defect than the indulgence of a misty, half-articulate conception of ideas. It is as if the intellect were like a person whose utterance is partially thickened by paralysis or some other infirmity.

Though Verlaine could present us with dreamy lyrics, lovely in their vague melody, yet he insisted on claiming for himself that

Liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;

and in virtue of this notion, he, instead of lingering in the garden, fair with flowers, would more frequently hover over the dank weeds of the highway ditch, greatly to the detriment of his poetic fancy, which, delicate as Ariel, only lost in the

process all that constituted its charm. While comparing the effect of *l'art poétique* to that produced on us by the sight of fine eyes gleaming through a veil, or the heavens lighted by stars, or by the sound and odour of the morning breeze sweeping across the wild thyme, he contemptuously informs his readers that

Toute le reste est littérature,

an opinion in which he is manifestly in error, as it cannot certainly be applied to literature, in the highest sense of the word, which is fast becoming *caviare* to the general reader, afflicted like the Athenians in St. Paul's day, with the craving for some new thing, no matter how obscure, absurd, or trivial. Notwithstanding his defects, Verlaine was a Celt, with the profound melancholy underlying the Aryan temperament that irresistibly pierces through all exuberant wit or gaiety, like the cloud reminding us, though the sun be shining brightly, gloomy days are sure to return.

When not in hospital, whither love of absinthe sometimes brought him, Paul Verlaine passed much of his time in *cafés*, where he was infinitely more at his ease than in "prison halls of wealth and fashion," which he cordially hated. Yet this erratic genius could and did inspire much personal attachment from his wretchedly poor comrades (who unknown to him contributed their scarce francs and centimes towards his support), and from rich literary men like Comte Robert de Montesquiou, who with some others helped Verlaine's finances from time to time. During one of these intervals of comparative ease, Verlaine persuaded his mother to join him in a boarding-house belonging to a dependent of their family. Until her death, they lived together in two small rooms, and her charity to the poor, and her unaffected piety, soon acquired for her the name of *la petite dame sainte*. Verlaine always showed her the sunny side of his character, being a devoted and loving son, who would never distress her by the exhibition of his wayward humours and habits. She may have known he was a poet, perhaps may have read his *Sagesse* with motherly pride, but he revered her too much ever to permit her to see how low he could sink in his conduct and in his writings. Carefully shrouding from her his utterly immoral character, his love of drink, and what his friends call "the gentle forgetfulness of his duties," Verlaine showed that he shared with his countrymen that

tender veneration of a mother which is the noblest and most enduring affection in a Frenchman's heart.

Paul Verlaine's personal appearance was peculiar, and devoid of all beauty or nobility of expression. His features were coarse, and under a wrinkled forehead, accentuated by baldness, were his curious eyes set aslant, and gleaming with the same shifty, sad look one notices in the long, narrow orbits of a Hungarian gipsy fiddler. In conversation the poet's arms, eyes, head, indeed his whole body, were never still a moment, though we are told that, in spite of this violent gesticulation, his manners could be genial and even refined. But under his loud talk and forced merriment was the incurable melancholy of a diseased mind, and of a heart rendered cynical and pessimistic by his experience of the seamy side of life—a sadness that could express itself in a lyric so exquisite as

Les sanglots longs
Des violins
De l'automne,
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone,

Tout suffocant
Et blême quand
Souné l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens,
Et je pleure,

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais,
Qui m'emporte,
De ci, de là,
Pareil à la feuille morte,
Feuille morte !

Many lines quite as beautiful have been written by Paul Verlaine in his better moments, when a fit of repentance would induce him to turn from his ignoble life and from subjects unworthy of his genius. As he once mournfully remarked, he really wished to lead "l'existence de brave garçon et honnête homme, mais je vais gueux comme un rat d'église." He could feel his degradation, and could perfectly realize that

Our acts, our angels, are for good or ill
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.¹

¹ Fletcher.

Little more remains to be told concerning Paul Verlaine. Being incapable latterly of spending money upon anything but rum or absinthe, the poet's friends, through the Editor of the *Figaro*, prevented him from coming to destitution by employing some one to look after him, and by paying the rent of his room where he died, worn out by the fatal green liqueur he loved too well.

Though much of his work will eventually sink into oblivion, yet a few lyrics will survive, and by their intrinsic merit will be remembered the name of Paul Verlaine, whose disposition reminds us of

The reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Already the poetry of the Décadence is losing its attraction, and in a few years, let us hope, the ideas of this particular school will be replaced by a more wholesome revival of common sense and correct perception of true beauty in poetry, music, and other fine arts. We may not again have men conspicuous as were the great writers and artists of the earlier part of this century, but that may at least be done, which has been insanely ignored by the Decadents, who, preferring the shadow to the substance, have wilfully mistaken fleeting dreams for the spirit of Truth.

M. T. KELLY.

The Run of the Rosemere.

I.

AN enterprising globe-trotter, who had been over the ground himself, suggested recently that the Canadian Government could do nothing better than give every young Canadian, on his twenty-first birthday, a free trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Halifax to Vancouver. A flight across the continent, with its ever-varying scenes of land and water, forest and prairie, mountain and valley, would reveal the possibilities of the great Dominion, and stimulate the budding patriotism of those who, a few years hence, will be entrusted with the responsibilities of citizenship. The old saw that studying a continent from a car window is doing things superficially would have no application in this case, for young Canadians have always at hand sources of supplementary knowledge to make up for the deficiencies of the trip.

There are various reasons why the globe-trotter's very practical suggestion will never be carried out, but the spirit that assisted at its birth was a good one. If you desire to get a true idea of the size of Canada, you must cross it from ocean to ocean. This is what the writer did a few months ago in the *Rosemere*, a private railway car, one of the cars set aside for the exclusive personal use of American railway officials, wherein they are gliding, almost continually, over the country in the interests of their companies.

Ordinary mortals, even in America, do not frequently indulge in luxuries of this nature; and it was an invitation quite unexpected that General Superintendent Spencer, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, extended to me to cross America with him and his party, privately, to get a passing glance at the greatest wheat crop ever raised in the Canadian North-West.

There were other motives besides wheat-viewing urging me to accept. The *Rosemere* was going straight west from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean. And we were to have the rare chance of

contemplating, through its windows, the rugged shores of Lake Superior, inhaling a thousand miles of prairie air, and thus preparing ourselves for the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, three thousand miles away.

The run for the first few hundred miles west of Montreal would be monotonous enough were it not for the scenery and historic *souvenirs* of the Ottawa valley. The builders of the Canadian Pacific sought no new route when they decided to bind the continent with their steel. They simply followed, for over three hundred miles, the natural water-stretch that Champlain followed in 1615, that the missionaries and fur-traders followed after him, for two hundred and fifty years, on their way to the great lakes. This is the water-route on which enthusiastic capitalists want to spend fifteen million dollars to connect Georgian Bay with the Atlantic.

You have hardly made a hundred miles up the valley when you catch a first glimpse of the towers of the Canadian Parliament buildings at Ottawa, rising up against the clouds. After a few miles' further run you move into the Province of Ontario, over the iron bridge spanning the Chaudiere Falls, where, nearly beneath you, you see and hear the whole volume of the Ottawa rushing downward between two rocks with a deafening roar, and plunging into what some people suppose to be a subterranean channel, surging again to the surface a few miles further down the stream. The Chaudiere Falls are the famous Astikoa of the native Algonquins, who, a couple of centuries ago, never passed eastward or westward on their expeditions, warlike or peaceful, without throwing a tribute of tobacco-leaves into the seething waters to appease the angry genius of the place. This body of water is, at the moment of writing, furnishing motive power for large milling industries in the neighbourhood, and for one of the most brilliantly electric-lighted cities in the world. Ottawa is a rising city of over fifty thousand people, fascinating to visitors, especially during the sessions of Parliament, when the intellect and culture of the Dominion assemble there for two or three months every year. The present Prime Minister, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, promised, when he came to power, to make Ottawa the home of the arts and literature in the north, and the citizens are incessantly reminding him of his promise.

Fifty years ago the pine and hard-wood forests of the Ottawa valley were furnishing the markets of Europe with

wood and furs, but the axe of the woodman has changed all that. The forests have disappeared, and little towns like Renfrew, Pembroke, Mattawa, and others, prosperous and growing, have risen up here and there along the fertile valley. Ripening fields of grain, snug homes, spacious barns, always reveal a farmer's prosperity.

The *Rosemere* quitted the Ottawa River at Mattawa, where the Ottawa turns to the north, and, after a brisk hour's run, began to glide along the shore of Lake Nipissing. Three hours later we entered the vast nickel and copper region, of which Sudbury is the centre, four hundred and forty miles from Montreal.

It was in 1882 that the Canadian Pacific syndicate laid its rails through that Sudbury mining country, and a more uninviting tract it would be hard to find. What the Nipissing and Wahnapitae forests were, in times past, the number and thickness of the ruined trees are there still to attest, and early relations describe, more than once, the magnificence of the forests and the mountains along the shores of the lakes and rivers north of Lake Huron. But the days of naked woods and wailing winds have come. Twice or thrice during the present century, forest fires, whose magnitude drives terror to the heart of man, carried desolation into the very midst of the regions then peopled by the Otipiwes; and of the dense forests, with their wealth of fur-bearing animals, nothing remains but bared rocks and myriads of branchless, blackened stumps and tree-trunks. In the neighbourhood of Sudbury thousands have rotted and fallen, but there are tens of thousands of these charred monuments still standing to tell the story of their ruin. To make them still more conspicuous, they stand, most of them, on the tops and sides of what were once fertile hills and mountains. The forest fires burned the very sod away; the bare rock is visible everywhere, and people passing over the railway ask in all sincerity: "What can such a desolate region be good for, anyway?" But these barren Sudbury hills remind one of the old miser who dressed himself in rags, the better to hide the treasures he had in his pocket.

The existence of native copper and other metals was known to the savages long before the white man set foot on the shores of the great lakes. There are ridges, evidently artificial in construction, on Isle Royale in Lake Superior, and elsewhere, which are given out as relics of aboriginal mining. The early

Jesuit missionaries, in their *Relations*, speak more than once of copper and gold in these regions, but it was not till a hundred years later that anything definite was known of the mining resources north or south of the lakes. An Englishman, Alexander Henry, engaged in trading with the Indians, passed the winter of 1767 on Michipicoten Island, and reported the existence of copper ore along the shores of Lake Superior. The following year, Captain Jonathan Carver, in a paper on the subject, predicted that in "future times an advantageous trade in copper would spring up. The metal will be conveyed in canoes through the Falls of Ste. Marie, and thence in larger vessels to the Falls of Niagara. After being carried by land across the portage, it will be easily transported to Quebec." The captain's prophecy came true to the letter, but it can hardly be said that it was not one of those that come to pass despite the prophet, for there were no data in 1768, beyond the bare existence of the metal, on which to base such a prediction. And besides, if we were to judge them by present standards of transportation and profit, Carver's notions of what an advantageous trade consisted in were primitive. If the gallant captain could rise from his tomb and see the much more advantageous circumstances under which his successors are carrying on the trade with the aid of railways, an invention he had never dreamt of, he would undoubtedly become a shareholder.

Nickel mining had certainly not entered into his calculations. It was only in 1883 that these mines began to be talked about. When the contractors were pushing the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Sudbury region, what appeared to the navvies to be huge masses of white iron were thrown out of the rock cuts by dynamite. Assays revealed rich specimens of nickeliferous pyrrhotite. The news spread abroad, and miners flocked in. Capitalists secured immense tracts of land around the future town, a Cleveland company alone buying up eighteen thousand acres. Diamond drills began to go down here and there ; veins were located ; shafts sunk at Copper Cliff, Blezard, Vivian's, Worthington, and other places in the neighbourhood. Hundreds of men were set to work, millions of tons of ore brought to the surface, formed into beds of about eight hundred tons each, and roasted to get the sulphur out, then thrown into water-jacket smelters, to flow out again in the form of matte and slag. This has now been going on for ten years, and experienced eyes are

there still, watching the glowing stream of matte running into vessels, in average proportions of fourteen per cent. of nickel and twenty-six of copper. Only a practised eye can distinguish between the brilliant colours of the molten, valueless slag and the matte, worth over a thousand dollars a ton. When the matte cools off, it is crushed, packed into barrels, and sent for final reduction to Wales or the United States. There are four companies in operation in the neighbourhood of Sudbury; in 1894-5 over thirteen million pounds of matte were shipped to refineries.

But the *Rosemere* soon had us west of the Sudbury mining regions, and we retired for the night to escape the monotony of a wilderness, and to shorten the three hundred and sixty miles to Heron Bay, where the traveller gets his first glimpse of Lake Superior. For many hours we passed along gems of lakes that would be priceless near our eastern towns, through trackless wastes of muskeg and stunted vegetation, land utterly unfit for farming purposes, and waiting for enterprising prospectors to sink their drills some day through beds of coal and perhaps gold.

In the early morning, a few Otipiwe wigwams were seen in clumps of cedars near the stations, and the Indians themselves were lounging on the platform waiting till the *Rosemere* passed. There is still a number of reserves in that part of Ontario, and the Canadian Pacific Railway has had the good grace to retain many of the old Otipiwe names for its stations, such as Metagama, Biscotasing, Nemegosenda, Missanabie. The last-named station is on the Michipicoten River, and fur-traders leave the train there for Hudson's Bay and the north. Long before the Canadian Pacific Railway crossed over the Michipicoten, this river was a favourite route of the fur company. Sir George Simpson, the old fur governor, passed up and down through these silent forests, for many years, with his Indian and French-Canadian oarsmen, on his way to the various posts of the company. The railway people have deprived the Algoma and Nipissing districts of much of their primitive seclusion, and the Hudson's Bay Fur Company never thanked them for it.

It was shortly after noon, the second day out, when we got our first glimpse of Lake Superior, eight hundred miles west of Montreal, when the ceaseless roar of the waves began to be heard above the noise of our engine. For two hundred miles we followed the rugged shores of this greatest of inland seas,

its green waters at times almost dashing against the *Rosemere's* wheels. It is here that the seclusion of a private car is enjoyed. You have the whole lake and its shores to yourself, and you are not boxed up with fifty others, just as eager to see the sights as you are. After a trip seated on the pilot of an engine, or up in the cupola of a freight-train, drinking in at full draughts the passing scenery—experiences that have been mine in these regions—there are not many things in this world more inviting than a journey along the north shore of Lake Superior on the rear platform of the *Rosemere*. We continued to fly through tunnels of solid rock, and across coves and valleys, on slender, skeleton-like trestles, during the rest of the day, and at nightfall we reached Port Arthur and Fort William, having completed the first thousand miles of our transcontinental journey.

The two towns just named are rivals, lying at the extreme westerly head of inland navigation. Port Arthur is built on a series of plateaus on the shore of Thunder Bay. Fort William lies five miles further west on the Kaministiquia River, under the shadow of Mount MacKay. There are few towns in America more prettily situated than Port Arthur. From the front window of any house in the place, you have a full view of Thunder Bay, eighteen miles across, with Thunder Cape beyond, or the Sleeping Giant of the Otchipwes. A passage five miles wide between the Cape and the mainland, opens the way to the vast waters of Lake Superior, and on a clear day you can see through the opening the hills of Isle Royale in Minnesota, forty-five miles away. Port Arthur is a town that had vast hopes and sweet imaginings in the early days of its history. That history dates back to the years 1868 and '70, when Dawson was building his road to the Selkirk Settlement on Red River, and when Lord Wolseley and his soldiers camped there, on their way to Fort Garry. During the first years it was called Prince Arthur's Landing, though the prince never landed there, but the name has since been cut down to its present dimensions. The discovery of silver did for Port Arthur what nickel is at present doing for Sudbury; with this difference, however, that the story of the silver discoveries along Thunder Bay read more like a fairy tale than an event in real life.

For centuries a small rock stood out in Lake Superior, right under the shadow of Thunder Cape. Its original surface measured hardly eighty feet square. When the wind blew

away from the shore, the rock appeared a few feet above the water ; when the waves were at rest the rock was completely submerged. Tradition has it that this place was known to the Otchipwes, who drew large quantities of silver from it for their own use. It was only in the sixties that John Morgan, a prominent explorer in that region, gathered samples of the ore and had them assayed. In 1864, the Montreal Mining Company sent men to work on the narrow rock, but the result was a failure. The slightest movement of the waters flooded the shaft, and the prospects of success were so slim, that the work was abandoned.

The islet was then sold to Colonel Sibley, of Detroit, who sent a specialist, Captain Frew, to superintend a new effort at mining for the precious metal. A sixty-thousand dollar coffer-dam, built by him around the projecting rock, was swept away by the waves of the lake ; but a second one, stronger than the first, was successfully laid. The water continued to flow into the shaft, and the Sibley Company could say that they had the upperhand of the waves only when they had landed thousands of tons of waste rock to strengthen the dam. I give these details to show the trouble Colonel Sibley had at the start ; but his enterprise and perseverance were magnificently rewarded.

Mining was not begun in earnest till 1878-9, when the output of Silver Islet ore created the greatest sensation. No such ore had ever been taken from the bowels of the earth. The pure metal was found running in veins through the rock, and could be had from the quartz by merely crushing it with a hammer. I have handled ore from that mine where the quartz fell readily from the hand, leaving the metal holding itself together in silver branches. The mine was worked in a series of pockets, and after the ore had been passed through the smelter, it yielded from one thousand to seven thousand dollars a ton.

The fame of those silver veins spread far and wide ; Silver Islet stock went up from zero to two hundred dollars a share. One of the richest pockets was struck in the spring of 1878, and was successfully worked for months. In one week in the September of that year the silver yield was forty-three thousand dollars ; in the week ending October 5th, seventy-three thousand dollars ; October 12th, sixty-seven thousand dollars ; October 19th, one hundred and three thousand dollars ; October 26th,

eighty thousand dollars; all of which was shipped as picked ore, and worth from fourteen hundred dollars to seven thousand dollars a ton. In one famous shipment, ten thousand dollars worth of pure silver were obtained from two barrels of ore.

Mining under these conditions was so satisfactory that the work progressed rapidly beneath the lake. But the whole enterprise came to a sudden and inglorious end in 1883. The coal supply gave out in the fall; the pumps ceased working, and the mine was flooded in a short time. This proved to be an insuperable obstacle, and Silver Islet had to be abandoned. The Crown Lands and Mines Agent, to whom I am indebted for many of these details, told me that when the water came rushing in, the silver in actual sight was estimated at two hundred thousand dollars, and it is still there waiting for machinery powerful enough to pump the water out.

Prospectors set about looking for new beds of silver, and located several in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur. The Rabbit, Beaver, Badger, Gopher, and others, proved to be rich pockets. They were yielding a great quantity of the metal, and were giving employment to a large number of workmen, when the lowering of values in the world's silver markets, a few years ago, made silver mining unprofitable, and work in the Thunder Bay district ceased indefinitely. This was a serious set-back to the rising town of Port Arthur, as it was the ruin of the farmers in the neighbouring townships.

Misfortunes never come singly. In the very midst of the silver excitement the interest taken in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the prominence given to northwest colonization schemes, made Port Arthur an objective point for speculators, the town being destined inevitably to become a second Duluth. These brilliant prospects were accentuated when the Government handed over the construction of the railway to the company which was to bring it to such rapid completion. Port Arthur being the terminus of lake navigation, the speculators, with little foresight, began wrangling with the new company about right of way, freight yards, &c. They thought that all they had to do was to dictate terms, and that they would be accepted. But Manager Van Horne thought otherwise. He pulled up his stakes one day, and planted them five miles further west, on the site of historic Fort William, prophesying, tradition tells us, that the abandoned town should yet see grass growing on its streets. If tradition speaketh truly,

Sir William Van Horne was a prophet. Port Arthur is a magnificent example of neglected opportunities.

Fort William possesses none of the scenic charms of its rival. It is, in fact, nothing more than a common, every-day railway terminus, with three gigantic grain elevators, hideous to the eye, and miles of side-track ; and it is evident that it was the pocket rather than the scenery that the new company had in view when it chose Fort William for a terminus. But the site has more than a passing historic interest. The banks of the Kaministiquia, or Caministagoya, were the scenes of many exploits done by Indians and fur-traders in the years gone by. As early as 1669, Dulhut built a trading-post on the site of Fort William ; in 1717, the French Government gave Sieur de la Nouë trading privileges. So that the fort had a reputation as a fur-station from the early days of the colony. But the brilliant epoch of its history began with the establishment of the North-West Fur Company. Fort William was the principal factory of that organization during the years of its rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company ; and even after the amalgamation of the two companies in 1821, the fort was governed with regal splendour. No less than three thousand traders, trappers, and their families, used to assemble during the bartering season on the banks of the Kaministiquia. Washington Irving and Ballantyne have left us, in their works, pen pictures of Fort William during the reign of the lordly Nor'-Westers. Irving never saw the place, and he drew largely on his imagination for facts,¹ but traditions of the glory and splendour that once held sway still hover among the old Otchipwes on the mission opposite. When the railway people took possession of this historic ground, they built coal docks and three million-bushel elevators on it. They dredged the little river out, and made Fort William the terminus of north-west grain transportation, and the bark canoes which formerly glided so lightly over the surface of the Kaministiquia have given way indefinitely to the great iron steamships of the lake service.

The Kaministiquia is the first link of the long water-chain that stretches from Lake Superior through Dog Lake, Rainy River, Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg River, Lake Winnipeg, and Red River to Fort Garry, at the mouth of the Assiniboine, a distance of six hundred and forty-seven miles. Notwithstanding its two hundred and seventy miles of strong currents

¹ *Astoria*, p. 23. Edit. 1860.

and rapids, its fifty portages, it was navigable with canoes and north-boats. This was the water-path long famous as the Nor'-West Route used by the Hudson's Bay and North-West Fur Companies. It was over this route that La Verendrye made his way in 1732, to the then unknown western prairies. Lord Selkirk and his Scotch settlers travelled over it several times, in the beginning of this century, in their heroic attempts to found a colony at Red River, attempts which were frustrated in every way by the heartless fur companies. In the fifties, expeditions were sent by the Canadian Government to report on the practicability of opening up the route from the great lakes to the prairies, but the Canadian Pacific Railway came twenty years later and solved the difficulty, at the same time shortening the distance to Winnipeg by over two hundred miles.

The run from Fort William to Winnipeg is four hundred and twenty-six miles, through a vast lone land, generally flat and wooded, and covered here and there with large tracts of muskeg. We crossed several rivers and ran along lakes large and small. The whole country is drained by such lakes and by the streams forming the water-chain mentioned a moment ago, whose borders are thick-set with millions of trees waiting to be felled and floated down to Lake Superior, thence to eastern pulp-mills. Six miles to the left of us, hidden away in a forest, is Niagara's only rival, the Kakebeka Falls. The Kaministiquia River has been for centuries tumbling down a mountain side, its giant power running waste, and awaiting only capital and enterprise to be chained to the service of man. At Rat Portage we caught a glimpse of the incomparable Lake of the Woods, filled with islands, the summer homes of Winnipeg. The run to Red River was made in fifteen hours, when we left Ontario and entered Manitoba, where the really novel features of our long journey was to begin.

Winnipeg is the heart city of the Dominion, but its history is so well known; its marvellous growth and prosperity has been so often written about, that it hardly comes within the scope of these pages to give it more than a passing mention. Suffice it to say that what was nothing but Fort Garry, an old Hudson's Bay fort out in borderland, a few years ago, is now a bustling city of forty thousand people, with a University, Parliament buildings, daily papers, trolley-cars, railroads, and all the other appurtenances of modern civilization.

The *Rosemere* stayed only two hours in Winnipeg. It was

growing dusk when we moved out towards the West and the wheat-fields. We had hardly quitted the borders of the Red River when the horizon began to widen before us and we felt that we were really on the prairies. Not a tree as far as the eye extended ; nothing but an ocean of golden grain heaving to and fro under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze. The setting sun gave its brilliant hues to the vast cyclorama, and we stood on the rear platform of the *Rosemere* enraptured at a sight which most of our party had never seen before. Darkness sent us to our berths, and we sped during the long night through fields of Manitoba wheat, over the sites of future towns and cities.

We were up bright and early next morning to renew acquaintance with the wheat-fields, a couple of hundred miles west of Brandon. But the farmers were up before us. The Canadian Pacific had brought six thousand farm-hands into Manitoba and the other provinces, just before the arrival of the *Rosemere*, and they were all at work north and south of the track cutting the grain. Everything is done systematically in this country. Reapers and binders and threshers had their work to do, and they were doing it that morning. Processions of reapers were seen everywhere, and whole fields of wheat fell at sight before the knives. A marvel of ingenuity in common use up there is the self-binding reaper. This machine, drawn by two or three horses, cuts the grain, bundles it into sheaves, binds it with twine, and then throws it on the stubble to be piled into shocks to dry. At Moosejaw, where the *Rosemere* stayed for nearly an hour, I had a chance to examine more closely a self-binder and its many labour-saving attachments. The grain falls under the action of the knives ; it is quickly taken on to a curved carrier which turns and draws it up ; deft little iron fingers spring out, seize the straw, and hold it close till other mechanical devices bind it with twine, and tie a knot as tightly as if it were done with human hands.

During that whole day, the fourth out from Montreal, we flew through fields of ripening grain ; but we were told that if we wanted to get a true idea of the area of the wheat-growing region, we should have to travel for weeks on both sides of the line. Mr. Spencer's party declined to act on the suggestion. We were satisfied with the fact that our eastern eyes were looking at the greatest wheat crop that Canada ever produced. The Manitoba Government Bulletin, to which I had access during my trip, stated that the output would reach twenty-five

million bushels of wheat and as much of the other cereals, and that this would be done without artificial fertilizing or employing more than ordinary help. It estimated that the average yield of the season would be from the province at least twenty-five bushels an acre. But a few threshers, whom I met along the line since, told me that this was far below the mark; that the actual yield was in some places eight and ten bushels more, and that thirty and forty bushels was not uncommon. One of the provincial papers reported fifty-five bushels to the acre, duly weighed at a grain elevator, near Portage la Prairie. These figures refer to the Province of Manitoba alone; but there are also to be reckoned on the other Provinces of Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Athabasca, and Alberta, any one of which is as large as Great Britain and Ireland together. Facts like these do more to advertise North-western Canada than a shipful of immigration literature. The market prices of wheat fluctuate greatly during the selling season, and many farmers hold their grain in reserve waiting for better prices; but when the cost of growing an acre of wheat is only about eight dollars, any reasonable price will bring the farmer in a profit. In the presence of such results as these, it is strange that starving populations will stay in the large towns of the Old and New World to live, and suffer, and die, while thousands of square miles of fertile soil are out in the Canadian North-west waiting to give back for a minimum of labour a maximum of profit.

The Canadian Pacific has the task of carrying the greater portion of the wheat crop to the head of lake navigation at Fort William, and fears were entertained, when the *Rosemere* was passing through, lest the big railway, even with its sixteen thousand freight cars, could not handle the grain fast enough. To show what minute details the speculators enter into, I shall summarize the calculations one prairie newspaper made on the prospects of a wheat blockade. To move the whole crop, it would take two thousand five hundred trains of twenty cars each, each car laden with six hundred bushels. The average haul eastward to Lake Superior is five hundred miles. If eight months were taken in loading and hauling the season's output, over twelve trains a day, or two hundred and forty cars, holding one hundred and forty-four thousand bushels, should leave Manitoba every day for that length of time. With the inevitable burden of "returned empties," we can see one of the problems the long heads of the Canadian Pacific Railway have to solve

to the satisfaction of twenty-five or thirty thousand farmers, not forgetting the company's own cash-box. In 1896, the company's cars moved thirty-two million bushels of grain, and three million two hundred thousand barrels of flour.

We were now two thousand miles from Montreal, two-thirds of the way across America. Here and there bits of uncultivated prairie began to show themselves, and told us that we were nearing the boundaries of the wheat-growing region. Every year these boundaries are receding further westward ; thousands of acres of new land being put under cultivation ; but there are immense plains in the West still, waiting for colonists to try their fortunes. The great Regina plain is lying before you, level as a restful ocean, extending out to the sky on every side, with not a hillock or tree to destroy the uniformity. You pass through this vastness for hours together, watching for some object to attract your attention, a gopher or a prairie-dog, till sheer fatigue drives you forward to the smoking-room or the sleeper, where, with closed eyes, you sit listening to the chattering of men.

The combined observation and smoking-extension, at the rear-end of Canadian Pacific Railway drawing-room cars, is always the refuge of weary transcontinental travellers. It is there that world-ramblers, commercial travellers, farmers, meet after meals, or in the prairie twilight, smoke Havanas, and recall their experiences, wise and otherwise, in various parts of the world. The value of "No. 1 Hard" is an absorbing topic with the farmers ; commercial travellers discuss the Canadian tariff ; when some planet-circler or other turns in and changes the subject to Japanese chrysanthemums, arbitration treaties, or incidents of his rambles. After a travelling experience of sixty thousand miles over this road, I have remarked that religious controversy is left quite alone, perhaps because on the World's Highway to the Orient you hardly ever know whose toes you may trample on, or whether you are talking to a Buddhist or a Christian. I recollect an interesting conversation I had one evening, going along the shores of Lake Superior, with a timber-merchant from British Columbia. He was describing the great Douglas firs and giant cedars, and the manufacture of red-cedar shingles, a product that is assuming some importance in that province. A tall, thin individual across the aisle held his neck outstretched trying to catch bits of our conversation. Without success evidently : for he thought

the merchant and I were discussing dogma. Much to our surprise, his shrill voice piped into my ear: "Don't your sect adore the Virgin?" I turned and piped back: "No, sir; and what has that to do with the manufacture of red-cedar shingles?"

On one of my long trips just before the late Sino-Japanese unpleasantness, I got into a rather lengthy discussion with a young Japanese officer who had been studying the science of war in Germany, and who was on his way home, by order of Government, to give his country the benefit of his knowledge. The young man spoke French fluently, and was anxious to learn from me the Christian system—as he called it—of saving the souls of men. He admired the way things dovetailed in so nicely with us; but he didn't think Christian missionaries were doing enough to introduce the system into Japan. With him it was like introducing a new system of book-keeping; and he spoke like one who cared little for Shintoism. As a wind-up to our interview, I lunched with him in the dining-car, where he spoiled the waiters with his princely tipping. Quite frequently Japanese and Chinese go over this line together, but there is nothing in common, socially, between the races as we meet them there. The Japs are mostly students and wealthy merchants; the Chinese, if we except rare travellers like Li Hung Chang, are the dregs of Canton and neighbouring districts, on their way in bond to the West Indian sugar plantations.

When politics, wheat-crops, &c., are exhausted, the trans-continental traveller discusses popular authors. Here is a story about Kipling; I give it just as I heard it. A couple of years ago, the smoking-room was full of men and clouds of smoke, and the men were discussing the merits of the *Plain Tales*. When they had exhausted the topic and had frankly given their opinions, a voice behind the clouds said: "Gentlemen, when I get out a new edition of the *Plain Tales*, I'll make use of your suggestions." It was Rudyard himself.

Killing time is, indeed, one's chief occupation on the way across the prairies, and it is lamentable to see how easily one takes to it: people, after all, cannot be for ever talking. For the sake of appearances, some fall fast asleep; others apply matches to fresh Havanas; others bury themselves in that modern labyrinth, the railway time-table. They work like galley-slaves to find the station where they changed engines last; where they are at present; where they will be after the

night's run. It is a task easy enough to find the names of stations on the tables ; but it is when you start out to decipher the time of day that you reach the brink of despair. All American roads sin more or less in their time-tables. Day and night with them are all one, although some roads help you to distinguish the afternoon hours by using darker figures. But Sir William Van Horne is responsible for a feature in his yellow folders that simplifies matters greatly. In 1886, he introduced the twenty-four hour system, counting the hours of the day from midnight to midnight. The advantages of this system for railway purposes are evident, and for travellers as well when once they get used to it ; but it is the despair of the uninitiated globetrotter. He feels a chill running through him when he hears the waiter shouting through the train : "Dinner will be ready at 18 K." And he is ready to jump out of the window of the smoking-car, when the coloured porter comes, grinning through his ivory molars, and tell him that it is "23 K," a gentle hint to retire for the night.

I have given a few incidents to show how we travel across America. There is a strong tinge of the "happy family" about us, just as on shipboard. But things proceed differently in private cars. If you have not all the sources of distraction and time-killing, there are the other advantages of privacy that thoroughly make up for them. In the *Rosemere*, for instance, you are not the cynosure of every eye if you yawn ; if you are a bit whimsical, you may indulge in your whims to your heart's content, without hearing people remark, and sometimes very audibly too, "What an old bear that man in the corner is!"

E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

An Afternoon with Louis XI. of France.

THE vast historical interest attached to Cléry, a little town near Orleans, is certainly not as widely known as it ought to be. About a month ago, happening to be in the neighbourhood, and having been told we must on no account go home without having paid a visit to the tomb of Louis XI. at Cléry, we determined to spend one of our spare afternoons in visiting it, and more than well repaid we were for our trouble. It seemed to me such a pity that the numbers of our countrymen who pass through, or stay at Orleans, should not have the pleasure of spending a day, or even half a day, in exploring some of the many devotional, historical, archæological, and other objects of interest in which Cléry and its surroundings abound, that I determined to try, by writing a little account of my own visit, to show them how well it would be worth their while to avail themselves of any opportunity they may get of going there.

Cléry is about nine miles from Orleans, so this distance could be easily accomplished by a short run on a bicycle, or even on foot, or, failing this, by the omnibus which starts from Orleans twice daily, or by the train which goes to Meung-sur-Loire.

My first impression of the town of Cléry, as we entered it on a fine spring afternoon, or rather evening, was decidedly pleasant. The sun was already setting ; its deep red rays lit up the windows of the cottages on one side of the long, straggling street, whereas the other side was cast into a deep blue shadow, in which the very irregular houses showed up more or less distinctly in the uncertain light, each one seeming of a different tint of blueish grey. Against the clear sky, the different roofs were silhouetted, all were moss-grown, all were unevenly tiled, and they were of all shapes and sizes.

From the chimneys, and even, in some cases, from the doors of the cottages, issued the smoke from the log-fire within, showing up blue and silvery against the shadows, or darkening

the sunset light with delicate feathery clouds, and veiling all as it rose, in a light blue mist.

In the broad, cobble-stoned street, entirely devoid of pavement, played groups of children. White-capped, blue-aproned women stood at their doors, gossiping with neighbours, or awaiting the return of husbands or brothers, whilst here and there were rustic carts, drawn by horses adorned with blue sheep-skins, returning leisurely home from a long day's work in the fields. We turn a slight corner in the street, and the beautiful church of *Notre Dame de Cléry* comes into view. Grand and majestic, of Gothic flamboyant architecture, it rises up from the midst of these lowly, though picturesque cottages and seeming all the more imposing on account of the simplicity of its surroundings, it reminds us of *Mont St. Michel* towering high above, and dominating the surrounding plains.

There is nothing of the busy hurry and turmoil of the nineteenth century about this quiet, quaint little old-world town. Now, at the "sunset hour," it seems to be settling to sleep under the shadow and protection of its church ; everything breathes peace and harmony, and all at once, as the deep-toned bells peal out the evening *Angelus*, seeming to thrill the very houses with their loud triumphant notes, yet another element, faith, seems to be added to complete the scene.

The evening sun lights up the fine Gothic *contreforts* of the church, and, as we get nearer, enables us to notice the better the beauty of the sculpturing, which "time, the destroyer," without having in any way destroyed, has tinted with such delicate shades of grey and green as would delight the eye of any artist.

But, as time presses, we hasten to enter the church. Amongst the first things that strikes our eyes are the stained-glass windows over the sanctuary. On our left is pointed out to us a window in whose panes the origin of the church reveals itself. We see Louis XI. on the field of battle before the defeat of Dieppe (1442), vowing to give his weight in silver to build a new church in honour of *Notre Dame de Cléry*, if he succeeded in driving the English from the fortress he was then attacking. (This fortress happens to have been the last they, or rather we, ever possessed in what was then called France.) Dunois is standing by his side, pointing to the distant Cléry ; Louis, kneeling, is making his vow, whilst behind them is a glimpse of the sea and the combat. From that time, when Dunois, on the battlefield, bade the young Dauphin, for he was not yet King,

have recourse to *Nostra Dame de Cléry*, if he wished to gain the victory over his enemies, to his dying day, Louis had an extraordinarily deep, and even superstitious devotion to the *Bonne Dame* and church of Cléry. The more indeed that one studies the cold, cruel, calculating character of the King, the more incomprehensible, and, so to speak, out of place, does this devotion seem.

Those who have read Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward* will remember how, when cast into prison at Péronne, almost his first act was to call upon Our Lady of Cléry, whom he calls by the most endearing names, evidently seeming to think, judging from his prayer, that the very statue itself could hear and help him. Having built this handsome church over the shrine, hither he comes from time to time to pray for the success of his arms, the prolongation of his life, or, perhaps, for the forgiveness of his sins, for which, in some cases, he asks pardon before they are committed, being, however, none the less resolved to commit them. (As a Catholic, Louis XI. does not seem to have been well instructed in his religion!)

At his special request, and by permission of the Pope, he was made a canon of Cléry, just as our Queen, nowadays, is made a canon of a Church of England church; and in this capacity, clothed in a cassock and surplice, another stained window represents him. Another fact in connection with his love for Cléry Church which seemed to us rather strange is, that no sooner had he given his weight in silver for its building, than he at once fixed upon it as the place of his burial, though at that time he was quite a young man.

We turn to our left, and there, indeed, we see his monument, the most interesting object of all from an historical point of view. This present monument of Louis XI., raised by Louis XIII. to the memory of his ancestor, was sculptured in 1622 by Michael Bourdin, and replaces an older one, which was destroyed by the Huguenots in the year 1563. The original one, the work of Laurent Wren and Conrad of Bologna, an Italian, represented Louis, according to his express command, young, and arrayed in his hunting costume. The existing monument also has been mutilated, but we should never have found out, had we not been told, that the head of the King had been broken into five pieces by the Revolutionists; and even then we could scarcely believe it, so cleverly has it been mended. The statue, contrary to the desire of him whom it

represents, shows us Louis in advanced years, as he was at the time of his death. He is clothed in a gown sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and wearing the collar of the order of St. Michael. Kneeling with clasped hands in an attitude of prayer, and gazing on the miraculous statue over the high altar with an expression of pain and penitence, he seems to be asking her whom he loved so well when on earth, to obtain for him now the forgiveness of his crimes. Near him are his prayer-book and his hat. It is a curious fact that Louis never in his life had a presentable hat ; wherever he went, he always had with him a disreputable old *caperon*, in which he always joined his hands when in prayer. This *caperon* was covered with lead statues and medals of saints to whom he had a special devotion. Naturally, foremost amongst them was *Notre Dame de Cléry*. Round the figure of the King, at each corner of the monument, are placed four little *genies* (cupids without wings), each one bearing an escutcheon. The handsome slab on which these rest is supported by four Doric columns of Grecian marble, the corners and frieze which surmount the base are of marble of Carrara, whilst the base itself is of red Flemish. The whole monument is about nine yards high, and weighs nearly two tons, and is placed at an angle to the vault beneath. This vault contains the remains of Louis, and of his second wife, Charlotte of Savoy. At one time it was thought that the ashes of Louis XI. had, like those of many of the Kings of France, been dispersed, but circumstances have since proved this supposition to be false. The history of this vault, as it was told to me, is as follows : In 1792, a workman named Nuggets, opened the trap-door, and went down to measure the crypt, known to be that of the King, but then supposed to be empty. In it, however, he found the two bodies, that of Louis XI., and that of Charlotte of Savoy, and rather irreverently, " respecting not the person of the King," he took up the coffin of Charlotte, and emptied its contents into that of her husband. This coffin of the King, hewn out of one entire stone (two and a half yards long, and nearly one yard wide), was expressly chosen by Louis himself ; indeed, it is even said that, when choosing it, he lay down on it, to see if he would be comfortable when he was dead. Having learnt all this, we naturally went to see this famous vault with our own eyes, and, permission being given, we followed our most amiable and learned cicerone. This cicerone is none other than *M. le Cure de Cléry*, who most kindly takes upon himself

the duty of showing visitors "round" his church, and telling them about the historical events connected with the different objects of interest; and, indeed, it is owing to his loving care that they are as well-preserved and as interesting as they are. We go down into the vault (which is of sandstone, and measures three and a half by two and a half yards) by means of a little stone staircase of ten steps. On our left are still to be seen the iron bars which once supported the Queen's coffin, now, for obvious reasons, no longer used.

But we were now to see something decidedly uncommon. At the end of the King's tomb is a glass case, in which are seen two skulls and two jawbones. These two skulls were taken out of the tomb by M. le Curé, who had them examined by different doctors, archaeologists, who all agree in saying that they are probably those of Louis XI. and Charlotte of Savoy. There is always something sad about a skull, the emblem of man's decay, being exposed to the public gaze; and this case was certainly no exception to the rule. It so happens that the relic of Louis XI. is his scalp, all the top part of his head which once enclosed his brains, whereas that of the Queen is her face and forehead. Now the strong point of Louis was his clever, ingenious brain, and Charlotte of Savoy was celebrated on account of her beauty. Here then is all that is left of a King's earthly power, for truly the power of Louis depended on the ambitious and intricate schemes once worked out under this bit of crumbling bone; and there by the side of it was all that remains of the splendour of a beautiful Queen. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* I couldn't help thinking how it would have hurt Charlotte's womanly vanity had she known that her skull, of course ugly as skulls always are, would one day be exposed to posterity as the representative of her lovely face. As for the proofs of identification, one of the best is the following: In the fifteenth century, when bodies were embalmed, the top part of the head was always cut off in the way in which is cut the scalp supposed to be that of the King. (The corresponding part of the Queen's head is missing.) Since only the remains of royal personages were so treated, these relics are at any rate royal; moreover, it has been noticed that all the pictures and statues of Louis XI. represent him with a curious depression in his head just above the forehead, and, on examining the scalp supposed to be that of Louis, it is found to have exactly the same form. Naturally enough, no doubts were

left in our minds as to these skulls being those of Louis and his wife, especially as numerous learned doctors have said that their constitution and appearance carry out exactly all that is known respecting the age, health, and character of these two persons.

The whole vault is at an angle to the rest of the church, so that, according to his desire, not only his statue, but Louis himself may gaze in death as well as in life, on the miraculous statue he loved so well.

Here then is all that is left of Louis XI. as regards the world, the poorest peasant who kneels over his tomb is now more important than he. With what truth could those jawbones now repeat those famous words of Ecclesiastes: *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas!*

But the voices of my companions wake me out of my dreams, and if I don't want to spend my night in the crypt, I must hasten to ascend into the church where they are waiting for me to go to see other objects of interest. We were shown the place where is kept the heart of Charles VIII., and the tombs of Dunois and his wife—also those of other celebrities, into which, however, we could not go down. Connected with these tombs and monuments are many beautiful little bits of architecture and sculpture, notably the ceiling of the chapel of St. James.

One word more, "though last, not least." I must say a few words about the miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. Over the high altar, under a beautifully sculptured Gothic dome, stands the statue, whose history is strange enough to excuse me for giving a slight sketch of it. In the year 1280, a poor peasant in ploughing his field found, in a furrow, this statue, which he at once carried to a neighbouring church. This church in the course of time fell to ruins, and on its site a new one was built by Philip of Valois, who was then King of France. This church in its turn was doomed to decay, and was replaced in 1442 by the handsome one now existing. The statue, which is of wood, and, unlike many ancient statues, very pretty and finely carved, is supposed by most archaeologists to have been made in the beginning of the thirteenth century by an Italian workman. Some even think that it was brought from Italy during the wars of that period by a regiment of soldiers, and that, after a rout it was left in the field where the ploughman found it. Be that as it may, there is yet another fact still more interesting in connection with it.

On the 26th of May, 1670, at about half-past five in the evening, the good people of Cléry were astonished to hear the unusual sound of the church bell ringing as if for a service, and to see people running to the church from all directions. Soon, quite a crowd of people had assembled in the church. "I was close to the holy-water font," recounts the head guard of the Duc d'Orleans, "and even at that distance I at once saw that the face of the Blessed Virgin was very red. I thought it was the sunlight shining on it through a stained-glass window," says he, "but no, I found that there was no light that could give that effect. I went nearer, pushing my way through the crowd that, thrilled with emotion, surrounded the statue. The face of the statue was red as fire and covered with great drops of perspiration; then, suddenly paling, big tears trickled down from the eyes in such a manner that it was perfectly easy to see that it was water that was running down the cheeks." "Being so touched," continues he, "I went round the corner of the altar to pray, not wishing that the tears which I could not help shedding should be seen."

This miracle is the well-known *Miracle des Larmes*, and the cause of the sorrow of the Blessed Virgin, whose statue, it must be remarked, is in a Chapel Royal often visited by kings, is supposed to have been the scandals then prevalent at the Court of Louis XIV. As we stood before the statue, pondering over this strange story, I could not help thinking of the motley crowd of people who had, in times gone by, knelt before this very altar and paid their homage to Notre Dame de Cléry. What a world of different personages, and what various conditions of life would be represented by that crowd, could all be for one moment collected together; and by what a variety of prayers, ideas, feelings, and ambitions, would it be animated! The evening sun would seek out first and light up the armour of the gentle Jeanne d'Arc; we should see her kneeling, rapt in silent prayer, as she offers up her sword to the Blessed Virgin after the famous defeat at Orleans. The jewels and handsome dresses of the followers of Louis XIV. who are grouped around their monarch would be conspicuous; amongst them we should notice the face of many a celebrity. Sprinkled in amongst this crowd we should see numbers of pious peasants, white-capped women and blue-bloused men, showing up in high relief richly dressed potentates of the Church, beautiful Court ladies, or perhaps valiant warriors such as Dunois or Philippe de Valois.

Last of all, literary stars of a bygone day, but, nevertheless, stars of a lasting lustre—I mean such men as La Fontaine and Bossuet—would jostle in the twilight simple peasant children, or, perhaps, ordinary gazing English tourists of the nineteenth century.

And now I hope I have made it obvious that this beautiful church, built in olden times to commemorate a victory over us, is really worth a visit. Like most of the places of interest that English subjects visit in *La Belle France*, it is a record of a time when the two nations were the deadliest of enemies. But times are changed—and the once foes are now friends. We now gaze undisturbed on the statue of Jeanne d'Arc and contribute to her *fête*, admiring her for her bravery. Indeed there is scarcely a relic of the hatred of the French for us throughout the length and breadth of the land of France, which has not been explored and gazed upon by the curious eyes of that well-known, but not very much beloved individual, the ubiquitous British tourist!

And so, after expressing our thanks to M. le Curé of Cléry, we begin to wend our way homewards. On the road to Meung Station, for as it is already late we have to go home by train, we pause for a while on the bridge over the Loire. This bridge represents the one from which Joan of Arc chased our ancestors in the year 1428. Not a person is in sight, everything is still, and as we gaze on the peaceful landscape around us, the sleepy Loire tinged by the rising moon, and on its banks the tall gaunt poplars which seem to have something weird and ghostly about them, as they loom out of the half light, we find it difficult to picture to ourselves that scene of war and bloodshed that once took place on the spot on which we are now standing.

Thus ended our “afternoon with Louis XI.,” and if any one reading this should get the opportunity, let him take my advice, and, as we did, avail himself of the hospitality of that great monarch.

M. G. SEGAR.

The Variability of the Moral Standard.

"WE should be noted for uniformity of judgment wherever there is uniformity of facts," says a speaker in Thucydides.¹ Where the case is the same, all the facts the same, all the conditions, positive and negative, the same, without diminution or addition, there cannot be two solutions to any question of bounden duty. Once bound, everywhere bound; once free, everywhere free; everywhere where the conditions are entirely alike. Under this aspect there is no variability in the Moral Standard.

Morality is an objective science. It is not a mere study of what men take to be right: it is not a mere analysis of consciences. Howsoever our conscience points, certain things are wrong in themselves. If our conscience pronounces them right, we have in that matter what is called an "erroneous conscience." It is the same in architecture. Certain lines are correct, and should be adhered to, however much the taste of some individual or of some age may clamour for a deviation. It is a vicious taste that erects an arch of flying angels. And it is an erroneous conscience that enjoins on widows the duty of casting themselves into their husbands' funeral-pyres. The standard of true morality is at least as objective as the standard of beauty in a building, or of any fine art. Nay, it is as objective as the standard of wise medical treatment. This consideration has been strangely slurred over by English moral writers, a surprising omission when we regard the practical and utilitarian cast of the English mind. We have theories of conscience, usurping the place of theories of right and wrong. The *psychological*, or subjective, and the *ontological*, or objective, view of morality, are two different studies.

Morals, however, have this peculiarity, in which they differ from architecture and engineering and all other objective sciences, that whatever a man honestly takes to be right, is

¹ iii. 56.

morally right for him, albeit it be wrong in itself; whereas a bridge that will not bear traffic, or a church with no breath of divine awe about it, is a professional enormity, however painstaking and well-meaning its author. Hence there is no distinction of *material* and *formal* architecture, or *material* and *formal* sculpture, but in morals we have things *formally* right though *materially* wrong, or contrariwise, *materially* right but *formally* wrong. See St. Thomas, *Aquinas Ethicus*, vol. i. pp. 68—71, from which we quote the following :

To believe in Christ is of itself good and necessary to salvation; but the will does not tend to it except inasmuch as it is set forth by reason. Hence if it chances to be set forth by reason as an evil thing, the will will tend to it as to evil, not that it is evil in itself, but because it is evil accidentally, reason so apprehending it. Hence we must say that absolutely every will at variance with reason, whether right or erroneous reason, must always be an evil will.

It must be observed that for an action or course of action materially, objectively, and in itself wrong, to be formally right, it is not enough for the agent to think it right. He must honestly think it right: his mistake must not be chargeable at his own door for levity, precipitation, or reluctance to trouble himself, or what is worse, that judicial blindness which is the consequence and the heavy punishment of a long career of wilful sin.

Honestly and dishonestly, in good faith and in bad faith, the psychological or subjective standard of morality exhibits large variation. It varies in various ages of the world, in various races and individuals, and even in the same individual at various times. Moral ideas, correct and incorrect, are continually developing and continually fading away. They are in fact in this respect on a par with political ideas. But as in politics, so in morals, there are certain main lines of thought which are the common inheritance of the whole human race. Everywhere it is agreed that there ought to be a State of some sort, and in that State authority, and that that authority is to be obeyed and can rightly enforce obedience. In morals also all men agree that right is to be done, and compacts kept, and benefits requited, and that the power above the individual man, whatever it is, be it parental, or social, or Divine, should be honoured and submitted to. But as to what acts in particular go to the carrying out of these general principles, there is a wide variety of opinion and practice. See this

subject treated by St. Thomas¹ and *Moral Philosophy*, Stonyhurst Series, pp. 144—147. It is well illustrated in St. Luke's Gospel, x. 29—39. The Jews were agreed, indeed all men are, on the precept, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour*. But the question, *Who is my neighbour?* received a variety of answers. Our Lord decided it by the parable of the Good Samaritan, showing that your neighbour is any man whom you find in extreme necessity and can help.

We now come to the real difficulty of our subject, a difficulty as deep and far-reaching as perhaps any in the region of morals, and one of which we cannot profess to offer more than a tentative solution. Is there any objective and ontological variation of the standard of morality? Do certain things which are properly wrong, become right in certain abnormal conditions of human nature and low states of human society? When we say *right* we mean materially, objectively, and ontologically right; there is no question of mistaken views or ignorance of the law.

We seem to have the authority of St. Thomas for answering the question in the affirmative. He says: "For the first common principles the natural law is the same among all men, both in point of what is objectively right, and in point of their knowledge of it; but in exceptional cases the law may cease to hold, both in point of what is objectively right, on account of special obstacles, and in point of men's knowledge."² And again: "Because human nature is changeable, therefore what is natural to man [*i.e.*, what his nature morally requires him to do] may sometimes cease to hold."³

In its main features human nature changes not, nor can there be change in the standard of morality that befits human nature. But accidentally human nature experiences great changes, both individually and socially. An ancient Greek, a Chinaman, and a London merchant, are all men, but furnish very different types of humanity. In particular a wide difference exists between the members of a community in which the moral law is honoured and maintained at least in principle, and those of a community where breaches of morality are so frequent and grievous that the members may be said generally not even to aim at anything that can be called a correct moral life. In such a community

¹ *Aquinas Ethicus*, i. 285.

² *Summa*, Ia. 2æ, q. 94. art. 4.

³ *Summa*, 2a. 2æ, q. 57. art. 2. ad. 1.

human nature is seen degraded and below par. An honest man in such a community must suffer the contradictions that usually attend virtue in the midst of wickedness. He cannot be allowed to make the practice of the multitude his practice, the example of the majority his excuse. He must suffer for justice sake. At the same time he must not be laden with impossible burdens. There are things that ought to be done, but cannot, unless the generality of men about you agree to their doing. Thus it is impossible to carry out all the prescriptions of canon law in a country like England. And to come to natural law. Natural law forbids private war, or the righting of one's own injuries by force. It supposes civil courts of justice, and refers you to them. Where there are no such courts, man exists in an abnormal, unnatural state. There, if his property is carried off by violence, and he can prudently hope that violence will recover it for him, he is morally justified in proceeding with a sufficient power to the place where it is detained, and fighting for its recovery. To be a law-abiding and law-expecting citizen in a region where there are no laws, involves a higher exercise of meekness and patience than any law can insist upon.

Besides, the individual is always tinged to some extent by the spirit of the society in which he lives. If men all about him are lawless, violent, outrageous in the gratification of their appetites, even the good man in such surroundings has his nature lowered and marred, unfitted for any high standard of decency and self-restraint. Such a standard would be unsuited to his individual nature, as well as to the nature of the society in which he moves.

There is therefore much truth in the remark that "the rules of perfect conduct are not rules which man is called upon absolutely and in all cases to obey, because his nature is as yet subject to conditions which often make other conduct more truly suited to him."¹ The natural law is the requirement of a nature perfect and complete, and up to standard. But an imperfect nature is not fit to have the law of the perfect, perfectly applied to it; it postulates a lower standard. We must not stereotype this standard; rather we must aim at doing away with it by bringing human nature up to its normal level. But while that nature remains below par, we must acquiesce in much of the imperfection of that standard. No higher perfection can be demanded of the man as he is.

¹ Hughes, *Supernatural Morality*, p. 226.

What St. Thomas says of human law, has its application even to natural and Divine law, and to the standard of objective morality. "A law is laid down as a rule or measure of human acts. Now a measure ought to be homogeneous with the thing measured. Hence laws also must be imposed upon men according to their condition. As Isidore says: 'A law ought to be possible both according to nature and according to the custom of the country.' Now the power or faculty of action proceeds from interior habit or disposition. The same thing is not possible to him who has no habit of virtue, that is possible to a virtuous man; as the same thing is not possible to a boy and to a grown man; and therefore the same law is not laid down for children as for adults. Many things are allowed to children, that in adults are visited with legal punishment or with blame; and in like manner many things must be allowed to men not perfect in virtue, which would be intolerable in virtuous men."¹

The way that children take their food, revel in eating and the prospect of eating, is a case in point. Such devotion to food would be gluttony in a grown-up person. But it suits the nature of growing boys and girls; and in them we can scarcely call it sin. It is recognized and counted upon by all who give a "children's treat." The boy gives his whole mind to his food, but then he has not much mind to give. He is three-quarters a creature of feeling and appetite. Young nature is below par. So also often has been adult nature, even in whole communities.

This consideration goes some way to explain sundry doings of the Jewish people, seemingly approved by Heaven, yet shocking to our modern notions of humanity and justice. The subject is a large one, far larger than enters into our purview. But the answer of our Saviour may be applicable to more subjects than divorce: "Moses, on account of the hardness of your heart allowed you to send away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so;"² and according to a perfect standard of morality never could be so. It was simply the best thing to be done under certain lamentable circumstances.

St. John Chrysostom³ collates the conduct of Elias in calling down fire from heaven upon the officer who would have arrested him, with the rebuke our Lord administered to James and John for wishing to do the like to the Samaritans.⁴ He says: "Let

¹ 1a. 2æ. q. 96, art. 2. *Aquinas Ethicus*, I. 289. ² St. Matt. xix. 8.

³ Hom. xvii. in St. Matt. ⁴ 4 Kings i.; St. Luke ix. 54, 55.

no one suppose that we condemn Elias as imperfect. On the contrary, we say he was a very perfect man: but in those days, when the human mind was more childish, men needed that sort of bringing up." The same Doctor of the Church is fond of repeating that a higher measure of virtue is asked of Christians than was demanded of the Jews of old even by God Himself. At the same time it is an axiom with theologians, that Christ our Lord imposed no new precepts upon mankind except those of faith and the sacraments. For the rest, He simply promulgated the natural law in its fulness, as fitted to a normal human nature, a nature up to par: while He also gave the assistance of His grace to bring human nature up to par. A high standard of morality set up and insisted on, without any gift of grace to enable men to conform to it, is simply a moral calamity and multiplies formal sin, as St. Paul continually inculcates.¹

The morality which Christ preached, and which the Christian Church still enjoins on all men, is adapted to human nature at par. He who came to make men sons of God,² could not acquiesce in the standard of their nature and conduct being fixed below the level normally to be attained even by the sons of men. A Christian must be a normal man, much more indeed, but certainly that much. Nowhere in Christendom can there be any objective and ontological variation of the moral standard, though there is room accidentally among Christians for vast ignorance and hallucination, and psychological variations of the standard accordingly. But whatever is wrong for man in his normal state is wrong for Christian man, and he must be prudently and gradually taught to avoid it, and strengthened with sacraments to enable him to avoid it. In the Sermon on the Mount³ our Saviour appears as the restorer of the full amplitude of the natural moral law. There is no *precept* there given which, rightly explained, transcends the code of Natural Ethics. And as all men are bound to become Christian, when the faith is preached and brought home to them, so all are bound, remotely at least, to conform to one invariable standard of perfect morality.

Reverting to degraded pre-Christian or un-Christian man, we find it certainly hard to tell what justifiable eccentricities in his conduct are to be set down to ignorance of the true lie of the law that binds him, and what have their justification in this, that

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 56; Romans vii. 7, seq.

² St. John i. 12.

³ St. Matt. v. 17—48.

the law which binds others is really inapplicable in his case. In other words, it is hard to pick out an instance of an objective variation of the moral standard from the multitude of much more common instances of that standard varying subjectively and psychologically only. One fair instance, however, occurs under the head of the unity of marriage. We assume, what is generally admitted, that the law of nature makes it impossible for one man to be the husband of several wives simultaneously.¹ Yet Abraham and the Patriarchs, David, Solomon, and the Kings of Israel and Juda, were polygamists, a fact to which Holy Writ continually alludes with never a word of blame on that account. The common explanation is, that God gave them a dispensation. But of such dispensation there is no vestige in history. It is a mere invention to meet a difficulty, and is itself beset by a further difficulty, that God cannot dispense in the law of nature.² But if we admit that polygamy is not so much against the law of nature as that, under certain abnormal circumstances, it may not be naturally lawful, all difficulty disappears. The abnormal circumstances were the violence of the times, and the danger of promiscuous lust, which rendered it an advantage for many women together to find protection as the wives of one powerful chief.³ That danger is supposed to cease with the advent of Christianity; and therefore Christ and His Church have restored the law of normal human nature, that man and woman be two, and two only, in one flesh.

This matter of objective change in the moral standard remains beset with obscurity. We have at least made out two different cases in which such change is to be looked for. The first is the case of the individual, in whom reason is but half formed, as in a child; or has been arrested in its formation, as in not a few men; or has been abnormally formed, as in a good many men, and some women too. We suppose the community in which these individuals live, to be morally at par. But there is a second case in which the community is below par, where licence and lust, cruelty, violence, and superstition reign, and the light of high ideals has waned and grown pale—evidently not a Christian community. Are we to admit a material and objective lowering of the moral standard in both these cases, or only in one, and in which? It would seem that such material lowering obtains only in the second case, and not in the first: it

¹ See this argued in *Moral Philosophy*, Stonyhurst Series, pp. 272, 273.

² *Moral Philosophy*, pp. 149, 150.

³ Cf. *Isaias* lv. 1.

obtains for the degraded community, not for the individual here and there who happens to be below par. The reason is this. A law is for a community: ¹ a standard of morality is a common standard. It can only suffer alteration and diminution by the exigence, or rather the incapacity of the community, not by the incapacity of the individual to observe it. So also in positive law. The law of fasting in the Church is not altered for the fact that many individuals cannot fast. Thus a certain disregard of food, and relegation of it to a secondary place of esteem, is part of the natural law of temperance in a community, notwithstanding that to the young people that part of the law is inapplicable. The inapplicability of the law to these individuals does not make it cease to be law, though it does not bind them. But a law ceases when it is inapplicable to the community at large.

Not without misgivings we offer an example for the reader to use his judgment upon. We are not here dogmatizing, but inquiring. For all their splendid literature and art, the ancient Greeks were ethically somewhat of a degraded race. In particular they were vindictive, and had scarce any notion of forgiving enemies. One of their writers, we believe, has somewhere inculcated this forgiveness: but the general habit of the national mind appears strikingly in a speech of the Attic orator, Lysias, telling us of a certain Dionysodorus in prison under sentence of death, how he "gave direction to his wife, thinking her to be with child by him, that if a boy was born, she should tell him how Agoratus had brought about his father's death, and bid him take vengeance on the murderer in his father's name." This looks like something more than ignorance of the natural law. The Greeks had the spirit of revenge in their blood. The thought of it, and still more the compassing of it, maddened them like strong wine. Coming with the Gospel grace as well as the Gospel law in his hands, St. Paul was able to enforce and rehabilitate the natural precept of forgiveness of enemies, as the Church enforced it in the cities of mediæval Italy. A mere philosopher could not have enforced it: he would have done unwisely to try. Forgiveness was an impossibility to the unregenerate Greek nature. Was the ancient Greek, before the advent of the Gospel, really and objectively bound to forgive the enemy who had injured him deeply? We submit the point to the reader's consideration.

¹ See *Moral Philosophy*, pp. 126—128.

Hence we may be able better to mark a distinction on which the Schoolmen insisted, between *primary* and *secondary* precepts of Natural Law. The former are simpler and of wider extension; the latter are derivative, complex, and extend to fewer cases. But that is only a difference of more and less. We may further urge that a primary precept will be a precept that holds and applies under any circumstances whatever; a secondary precept, a precept which fails in its application under certain abnormal conditions affecting a whole community, *e.g.*, as above stated, the precept of monogamy, where the state of womankind is fallen perilously low. Christianity brings human nature up to par and "fulfils the [natural] law,"¹ enjoining the observance of it in its integrity, and affording grace so to keep it.

¹ St. Matt. v. 17.

Gilbert Franklin, Curate.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAJOR WISHES TO BE FRIENDLY.

MAJOR BELTON had good reasons for believing in the efficacy of prompt action. But for that most opportune visit to Alnwick, "for a Board meeting about the small-pox," he would never have won the game against Franklin as he had done; had he waited for Mrs. Boyes to act, he might have waited till now. He felt justly proud of his own skilful management. Edith was, to all appearance, submissive and obedient; it would be strange if he could not manage this affair of the men with equal success. It was a more difficult matter certainly, in some ways; but it had its advantages, as well. He had no ally, with perverse feminine scruples and prejudices to be humoured. Moreover, if the men did strike, and thereby lower the dividend, he could pose as the valiant champion of the rights of the company against the unreasonable demands of the colliers. Perhaps he could evade a strike, after all; he might even find an ally, less suspicious, this time, and less self-willed.

After his interview with the ringleaders—as he chose to term them—the Major, acting on the hint conveyed by Simpson, made up his mind to call on Franklin very soon. He was in no particular hurry, any time would do, within the next few days. That was action sufficiently prompt, so he thought, under the circumstances. But, on Monday afternoon, he received what might be considered a second hint—or, counting the ringleaders, a third—which quickened his action unexpectedly.

He was writing to the directors a full account of the small-pox—for which he blamed the insanitary habits of the colliers; of the precautions taken, for which, as he felt perfectly safe in doing so, and was not particularly fond of Dr. Turner, he took a large share of the credit. He expatiated on his own firmness in resisting the unreasonable demands of the colliers; promised to

ward off a strike, "if any one can do it"—which was a most ingenious saving clause, covering a large number of contingencies—and said nothing at all about Franklin's influence with the colliers. That would have been to lessen his own credit with the directors, which was the very last thing the Major would be at all likely to do. Altogether, a very satisfactory letter, he thought, complacently—he could surely manage a few "guinea-pigs" in England—and was signing his name to it, with the air of a man who has done a good and successful work, when Simpson came in from the outer office, and informed him that Mr. Whitman wanted to see him. Mr. Whitman was the overseer of the Gateshead Colliery.

"Well, Whitman, what is it?" asked the Major, indifferently. He knew, perfectly well, what was coming; and, for all his self-assurance, did not exactly enjoy it. But an assumption of indifference would impress the overseer—which it certainly did, not too favourably—and would, he thought, be reported to the men, with good effect—which it was, with the effect of making them furious. Showing that the wisest of us, in our own opinion, are apt to make mistakes, sometimes.

"Trouble, I'm afraid, sir," answered Whitman, respectfully. He did not like the Major-Manager, and thought him by no means the right man in the right place. His bullying, "superior" manner might suit British soldiers—they could not help themselves—but certainly did not go down with free and independent Australian citizens. But the Major was his superior—in the colliery—so Whitman was respectful, to the office, if not to the man.

"Men want twopence a ton increase, I suppose?" said the Major, more indifferently than ever, as if the matter were hardly worth discussing.

Whitman longed to interrupt him, and sharply at that; but restrained, as became his position, and the Manager's well-known temper and powers of abusive language.

"You see, I know all about it, small-pox and all." The Major laughed, unpleasantly.

"No, sir, they want fourpence a ton," was the overseer's quiet answer. Whitman hoped—with all the fervour of an "inferior" who is constantly reminded of his inferiority by a man who knows nothing of the business in hand, and thinks he knows everything—that the Manager would not find that a laughing matter.

But, to all appearance, that was just what the Manager did find it, greatly to the disappointment of his friendly "inferior." "Oh, they've gone up, have they?" he returned, with the same disagreeable laugh, and the same indifference.

"You see, sir, you dismissed the men who came as a deputation," replied Whitman, with difficulty maintaining his respectful tone and manner, for the Major's way of receiving him and his news, which seemed to him so important, had not tended to improve Whitman's independent Australian temper—originally Yorkshire.

"Their ringleaders," said the Major, sharply, "certainly I did. They must learn that the company is master, not the men."

"An error of judgment, sir, if you'll excuse me," rejoined Whitman, more earnestly than he had spoken yet. He did not like the Major, for many reasons, and thought he was overstrict with the men. But when it came to a strike, the overseer at once sided with the company. Strikes were foolish and expensive. The company—and the manager—treated the men well, on the whole. Policy might have more to do with it than fellow-feeling or philanthropy. Companies were not, as a general rule, influenced by abstract motives of pure humanity. The Major certainly was not. So, when the men threatened to strike, Whitman declared for authority. In a mutiny, the boatswain generally sides with the captain and officers.

"You think so, do you?" There was a slight change in the Major's tone, which proved that he was more interested than he had seemed at first. However inferior the overseer might be to the Manager, he certainly understood the men thoroughly, and the Manager-Major was aware of the fact. It might be as well, he thought, to consult Whitman about the matter; he might derive useful information—to be imparted to the "guinea-pigs" (more politely, the directors), as the results of the Major's own knowledge of the colliers. "Why?" he continued, with a more marked change of tone.

Whitman noticed it, and felt flattered; as, probably, the Major intended that he should. "They do say, sir, that the company's to blame for the small-pox," he said, with the air of a man who reports unpleasant sayings without endorsing them personally. The Major understood; he would make the overseer declare his real sympathies and feelings, once for all, if he possibly could.

"So they told me on Saturday," returned the Major. "What

do you think about it, yourself?" he inquired, as if really desirous to know the overseer's opinion, as that of a man well qualified to express one.

Whitman was in a difficulty. If he said "yes," he would side with the men—and be dismissed, to a certainty; he did not like to say "no," as he really felt that the state of the colliers' houses was, partly at least, the fault of the company. Between honesty and prudence—meaning position, wife, and children—he chose the latter, and answered, like a courtier or a wise man: "You know best, sir. What do you think yourself?"

The Major was annoyed and disappointed, yet could not very well show it. The man looked as if he really meant to be deferential to the Manager's superior wisdom. What fault could he possibly find with him for that? But, innocently or cunningly, the overseer had managed to avoid the test question so carefully prepared for him, and the Major was not, by any means, pleased at his success.

"I say that it's their own want of cleanliness that's to blame," he answered, emphatically.

The overseer saw his chance of a safe compromise, and seized it. "I quite agree with you, sir," he said; which was perfectly true, if not exactly the whole truth.

"Then my promise to refer the matter to the Board does not satisfy them?" resumed the Major, after a pause, during which he seemed to be considering what to say next.

"No, sir; they say you have power to act without consulting the Board, when you—" Whitman hesitated, as not quite sure how the Manager might take what he was about to say.

"When I choose, I suppose," said the Major, a little more sharply. "Well, I don't admit it; but supposing I refuse, what then?"

"They mean to strike, sir," answered the overseer, almost unwillingly. His sympathies were divided between lawful authority and indignant men driven by suffering to the verge of resistance. Anything he said might irrevocably commit him, one way or the other.

"Indeed!" The Major was pretty well prepared for this announcement, thanks to his interview with the "ringleaders;" but, for all that, he was not quite so indifferent as he wished to appear. It was all very well to assure the directors, and, through them, the shareholders, that the men were wholly and solely to blame; but a strike would lower the next quarterly

dividend by at least twenty per cent, whereas the concession, if he concluded to grant it, would only mean five per cent, at the very most. But any reduction, however small, would, in spite of all his protestations, be counted in his disfavour. Therefore it must be avoided, if possible.

"Well, you may tell them that I'll think it over," he continued, presently. He must say something to gain time; he could always refuse in the end, that was one comfort. Such a vague concession could not, in any way, be considered as binding him to anything further. He did not like to say even as much as that; the men might take it as a sign of weakening on his part, but it was, after all, the least he could say. "Anything more?" he asked, as the overseer seemed inclined to say something.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Tom Gascoigne's gone crazy, they say."

That name again! The Major had heard nothing of the man since he was arrested on the Sydney steamer for an "unprovoked" assault upon himself. With a generosity which gained him much credit with the captain of the *Onbygamba*—until he read of the escaped lunatic in the *Morning Herald*—Major Belton had declined to press the matter against a half-crazy, drunken, discharged collier. But he did not expect ever to hear the man's name again. However, he seemed indifferent, whatever he may have felt.

"Who's he?" he inquired, playing with his cyc-glass, as if the subject could have no possible interest for him. Had John Simpson been present, he would have known better; the indifference was perfect enough to satisfy Whitman, who knew nothing about the story of the escaped lunatic, or had forgotten it.

"The man whose wife died first, sir," he said, evidently much interested in the subject.

"Where is he now?" There was ever so slight a keenness in the Major's tone, which Simpson—or Mrs. Boyes—would have detected, but which was lost with Whitman. The answer might mean more to the Major than he himself had any conception of.

"Disappeared, sir, I am sorry to say," was the overseer's answer.

"Well, what of it? Speak out, man, do." The Major was growing impatient. To Whitman it seemed that he was annoyed

that his time should be taken up with such trifles as a matter of fact, George Belton had seldom, in all his life, been so much interested. The attack on board the *Onbygamba*, when Gascoigne was only half-crazy, proved that he was capable of almost anything; what might he not do, now that he was quite mad? Why should Whitman be sorry to say that he had disappeared? No wonder the Major was impatient, and showed it, regardless of consequences. What might it not imply?

"They do say, sir, that he swore to have your life," answered the overseer, reluctantly. He had no cause to like the Manager, but, in this instance, he sympathized with him.

The Major prided himself on his courage, but he changed colour, if he did not actually turn pale, at this decidedly unpleasant piece of information. Ordinary danger was all very well, but that a madman—who had already tried to stab him—should swear to have his life, and then disappear, was a danger by no means ordinary. Whitman's answers to his two last questions had certainly conveyed news that he had never expected. Any man, however brave, might well feel uneasy under such circumstances.

"This is serious," said Major Belton, gravely. "What are the police thinking about?"

"I'm afraid the colliers are in fault," corrected Whitman, respectfully.

"How's that? Whom d'you mean?" asked the Major, sharply. He had no reason for appearing indifferent now; in fact, it was only natural that he should be keenly interested.

"Well, sir, you see," returned the overseer, deferentially, "those three men—" He paused, as if at a loss what to say. As a matter of fact, it was a momentary hesitation—not altogether to be wondered at, considering how the Major-Manager had always treated him—before committing himself, definitely, in favour of authority. But it was only momentary, possibly only half-conscious; authority prevailed, as it was sure to do with a man so constituted and so placed, as subordinate officer of the company. However much he might sympathize with the real grievances of the colliers—which he fully recognized—strikes and personal intimidation could never obtain his approval, or even his indifference.

"The three men I dismissed—well?" the Major took him up quickly. The matter was too serious to allow of hesitation or waste of time.

"They heard Gascoigne's threat, sir, and repeated it," answered the overseer. Like Simpson, he did not hesitate any more, now that he was once fairly in for it.

"In your hearing?" inquired the Major, eagerly. He might be able to punish them, after all.

"No, sir; in this letter," handing him a dirty-looking, almost illegible scrawl on a torn piece of paper.

"The three victims of tyranny," the Major read. "No hope of a prosecution, I'm afraid."

"I'm afraid not, sir," replied Whitman; "but perhaps it's just as well."

"Why?" demanded the Major, sharply. Was the man playing him false, after all?

"Because it would only precipitate a strike, sir," said Whitman, respectfully.

"This strike was threatened some time ago," resumed the Major, in a less interested tone, though not, by any means, an indifferent one; "before I went to Tasmania, in January."

"Yes, sir. Tom Gascoigne tried to stir them up."

"As he has done now," said the Major; "but the strike didn't come off." He was beginning to regain confidence, or, at all events, wished the overseer to think so.

"That's true, sir," returned Whitman, speaking much less confidently than the Major; "but you see, sir, the small-pox has happened since," he added, gravely.

"Then you think they are in earnest?"

"I am sure of it, sir," was the serious answer.

"Ought I to give in, do you think?" It certainly looked as if he would be forced to do so, after all; but he was determined to share the responsibility—if any—with "our most efficient overseer, Henry Whitman, who thoroughly understands the conditions and requirements of Australian labour"—so he intended to express it. Hence, probably, his unusual willingness to consult Whitman. The overseer did not quite trust the Manager's sincerity, and half suspected some hidden motive for this new departure. But he was committed now, on the side of authority; so, wisely, made up his mind to take things as they came.

"Well, sir, if I might venture to advise—" He paused, waiting to see how the Major took it.

"What? Go on, man; don't be all day." The Major's interest in the subject made him irritable.

"I should make friends with Mr. Franklin, sir," resumed the overseer, who felt that the irritability was quite excusable under the circumstances.

"Why, what can he do?" It was Simpson's suggestion, with even more force, inasmuch as Whitman knew the men better than any one else. But he asked the question, as it was only natural that he should do.

"He can do almost anything with the men, sir; they just worship him, pretty nearly."

"And you think——?" said the Major.

"They won't hurt any friend of his, sir. If he speaks to them, or, better still, if he comes to your house pretty often, they won't harm you, I'm very sure." Whitman spoke with evident conviction.

"A very good suggestion, Whitman. Thank you. Good day." The Major was more cordial than Whitman had ever known him to be. But, knowing the cause of it, the overseer was strongly inclined to despise him for it.

"Good day, sir," he answered, as respectfully as ever, and left the office.

After he was gone, the Major fell into deep thought for several minutes. An escaped madman, threats against his life, an impending strike—which would, he felt certain, be fought out to the very end—formed a combination sufficiently serious to afford subjects of most diligent and close reflection. And from it all—the madman, probably, included—one man could set him free: the man he hated most, his wife's lover, as he said to himself. But for all that, hatred, jealousy, suspicion, the suggestion, first made by Simpson, and confirmed by Whitman, accorded entirely with his own purpose. He had intended to make friends with Franklin, for reasons of his own. He believed that Edith loved the curate fellow still, which made his victory almost a defeat. What was the use of winning herself, if her heart, her thoughts, belonged to another man? He could torment her—that is, discipline her, he thought with grim satisfaction; pay her out—like a schoolboy, as he did not deny to himself—for calling him a mean, contemptible liar. He knew that the description of him was only too accurate; but it was, none the less, a grave dereliction of wisely duty on her part, for which she surely merited discipline.

Moreover, Franklin had poached on his preserves—so he persuaded himself, without any great difficulty—and, what was

even more unpardonable, had *nearly*, much too *nearly* to be at all pleasant, carried off the prize. That death business had been a last effort on the Major's part; a desperate game, but he had won, in the end. Just for that very reason, because it had been touch-and-go, he was not likely to forgive either Edith or Franklin. He hated himself—or chose to think that he did, that state of mind being out of his reach—for the mean shifts and tricks, as he admitted that they were, to which he had been driven, to preserve his rights, as he considered them. He really hated those who had forced him to it, Franklin most of all, and longed to punish his impertinence. And now—?

Now, there was an extra motive, a plausible excuse, a most weighty reason—self-preservation. The overseer, who knew the men thoroughly, after many years' experience, had assured him that they would never injure any friend of Franklin's, not even himself, angry as they were with him—unreasonably, and wholly without cause, of course. He could surely carry it off with the curate fellow: an assumption of honesty, of telling his real reasons, would do the thing all right, as he thought. It was worth trying, at all events.

"Mr. Franklin at home?" he inquired, at the door of the Deanery, about half an hour later.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant.

"Ask him if he will see me, will you?"

"Yes, sir." The servant showed him into the formal, old-fashioned drawing-room, which was empty—of human occupants—and returned, presently, with the message: "Mr. Franklin will be down directly, sir."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Franklin," said the Major, as the curate entered the room. He seemed brimming over with bluff, hearty good-nature.

"How do you do, Major Belton? What can I do for you?" Franklin's tone and manner were by no means encouraging, but the other did not seem to notice it.

"Mr. Franklin, I owe you thanks and an apology," continued the Major, quite undeterred by the younger man's stiffness.

"What for?" inquired Franklin, in a tone of polite surprise. He was beginning to wonder what on earth the man was driving at.

"Thanks for preventing a riot in Gateshead"—this was an exaggeration, as the Major knew perfectly well, but he thought

it sounded well—"and an apology for not having called sooner ; but I have just returned."

Franklin looked at him coldly. "I don't quite understand," he said, which was literally true.

"Why, you see," returned the Major, quite unabashed, "to speak of the apology first, I ought to have called sooner on a friend of my wife's family"—the man's self-possession was stupendous—"but I have been away longer than I intended."

"No apology was necessary, I assure you," answered Franklin, quietly, wondering at the Major's persistence, in the face of his own complete non-responsiveness.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," resumed the visitor. "Now, as to the riot. Whitman—our overseer—tells me you held the men in check when the small-pox broke out."

"He exaggerates my services, if I may call them so," said Franklin, as quietly as ever. "I simply tranquillized one poor man who was terribly excited by his wife's death."

"Who was that?" inquired the Major, though he had come principally for the sake of seeking Franklin's protection against the said poor man. Considering the risk he ran of being stabbed or shot by a vengeful madman, his conduct can hardly be called cowardly. It is unpleasant to feel that some one is "laying for you." But, for all that, it was the Major's line to appear unconscious, at first, of any possible trouble.

"Tom Gascoigne," answered the curate.

"Then you have great influence over him?" This by way of a feeler, as it were.

"I had," was the reply; "but he has disappeared : mad, they tell me ; crazed with grief and drink."

"Committed suicide, probably," commented the visitor, coolly.

"God forbid," said Franklin, earnestly.

"Oh, of course, quite natural," murmured the Major, politely. He appeared to think for a moment, then said, with an air of friendly candour: "Mr. Franklin, I have a favour to ask of you."

Self-possessed as the younger man was, and versed, theoretically, in worldly knowledge, he had little practical experience of human nature. The Major's tone and manner had the effect intended ; Franklin, almost in spite of himself, began to believe him honest and genuine. After all, if Edith were fickle, or had mistaken fancy for love, that was no reason for being unfriendly to the man who had won her, fairly enough for anything he

knew. The Archdeacon, as a matter of fact, beyond simply saying, "They told her you were dead," had kept his suspicions to himself, like a wise man, when matters were past mending.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, a shade less coldly.

His visitor noticed the change, slight as it was, and almost unintentional, and took courage. The game was his now, if he only played cautiously.

"Well, I must explain, and you must excuse me if I seem selfish," said the Major, smiling with most charming frankness. "Whitman tells me you have great influence over the colliers. That is so, is it not?"

"To a certain extent, yes," returned Franklin, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I want you to use it in my favour," continued the Major, as frankly as ever.

"In what way?"—rather coldly this time.

"By being my friend," answered the Major, so naturally that the Archdeacon himself would almost have believed him, in spite of all his suspicions.

"I don't quite understand," said Franklin, doubtfully. He was puzzled as to what the Major's motive could possibly be: surely not only self-preservation. Moreover, there were many reasons why he should hesitate about accepting the friendship of "her" husband. It would oblige him to meet her more frequently than he need otherwise do; that, he did not wish, just yet. He was in a difficult position, and did not know how to answer, so said what he did, merely to gain time.

"Well, you see"—the Major found his task rather less easy than he expected, but was resolved not to give in—"Whitman says they will never harm any friend of yours. I warned you that I was going to appear selfish," added he, laughing.

This appeal to his vanity was not without its effect on the young curate. "I am afraid he overrates my influence, as he did the riot," he said, modestly. "What harm do they mean to do you?" he inquired, after a momentary pause.

"Why, they blame *me* for the state of their houses," said the Major, with just enough of injured innocence in his tone to be effective, and no more. "I am only the servant of the company. I represented to them, forcibly, some months ago, the need of repairs and drainage, but they took no notice of my letter."

The excuse was plausible, to say the least of it; it was only what might be expected from a company—"with no body to be

kicked, and no soul to be damned." However, Franklin was not quite convinced yet.

"But Dr. Turner says he wrote to yourself," he said.

"Certainly," was the ready answer. Though the trick was somewhat unexpected, the Major trumped it promptly. "I forwarded his letter to the Board in England. Did he not get my answer?" It was done to perfection, and was a credit to his self-possession.

"No," rejoined Franklin; "he never heard from you."

"I can't understand that," returned the Major. "I must ask him about it." He spoke so naturally, that his hearer found himself beginning to believe that he might, after all, have misjudged him. Had the Archdeacon told Franklin all that he suspected—of which, indeed, he felt morally certain, though he could not prove it—it would have been different.

"As I said before," resumed the Major, seeing that Franklin seemed to be waiting for him to continue, "I own I am selfish in this matter; but the truth is, I want you to use your influence with your colliers." The flattery of "your colliers" was most delicate: it seemed almost unconscious.

"To what end?" The young priest's tone was more cordial now, and the Major noticed it at once—the game was his.

"To prevent a strike," he answered. "They are being stirred up against me by some of their hot-headed leaders. They say *I* am to blame for the small-pox, and that *I* ought to pay them twopence a ton more, as a compensation."

"And you cannot?"

"My dear sir, the company won't let me. That's the worst of an English company owning an Australian mine. They don't understand colonial labour-questions, and they allow me no discretion. It's very hard, I assure you."

Again the excuse seemed valid enough; Franklin could not go on doubting him, in the face of this apparent inability to do anything. The men must be brought to see that the Major was not to blame. "I will do what I can," he said, warmly this time.

The Major thanked him heartily. "And I will write to the company," he returned. It was a promise which cost nothing, but which—with Franklin, at all events, would gain him credit. "Will you dine with us this evening, *sans ceremonie?*" he added, with friendly hospitality in every tone and feature.

"I am sorry I cannot," answered Franklin, with evident

sincerity. His conscience told him he ought to be glad, but he was only human, after all. "The fact is," he continued, knowing that some excuse was required by politeness, "I am leaving Alnwick to-night."

"Indeed!" said the Major, "I'm sorry to hear it—for our sake." He used the "our" purposely, to make Franklin change his mind, if possible. "Shall you be long away?"

"Six weeks or two months," was the reply. "Dr. Turner says I must have complete rest."

"Of course, my dear sir, of course," returned the Major, pleasantly; "but you'll see about that little affair before you go, won't you?" he said, with some anxiety.

"Certainly," rejoined Franklin, "I will see to it at once, and let you know."

"Thank you, ever so much"—the Major was really sincere for once in his life. "Be sure and dine with us when you come back."

"With pleasure"—surely he would be brave by that time, Franklin thought, half sadly.

"Well, good-bye, and a pleasant holiday," said the Major, cordially.

"Good-bye," and Franklin shook hands with a friendliness which an hour before, he would not have believed possible.

That evening, he left Alnwick, thanking God for the courage given—and the respite. Edith was thankful too; she would be braver, she thought, when he came back, better able to realize that he was alive; able to meet him, as a friend.

The Major was thankful for Franklin's letter, if annoyed at the postponement of the particular discipline he had intended for Edith. Well, he might possibly devise some other in the meantime.

Anyway, the threatened strike was off. So Franklin's letter assured him. Certainly, the curate fellow was worth cultivating. He could manage the refractory colliers, and be the means of making Edith very uncomfortable.

CHAPTER XVI.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

HAD Mrs. Boyes been asked to give her candid, honest opinion—and she was a plain-speaking lady, whatever her faults might be—on Edith's marriage to Cousin George, she would have said, without the slightest hesitation, that Edith was a very lucky girl. George had his faults—what man has not?—had been rather gay in years not very long gone by; and had something of a temper of his own. Every man—so Mrs. Boyes believed—ought to have a temper, was not half a man if he had not. To this all-embracing rule, the Archdeacon was, as a matter of course, an exception. Mrs. Boyes had temper enough for both, with plenty to spare. But, with his faults and his temper, George was a good husband—for Edith; he would never have suited Mrs. Boyes—and Edith was a very lucky girl.

These sentiments, however, she concluded, for many reasons, to keep to herself. The Archdeacon had said absolutely nothing to her, when they met, about the circumstances of Edith's marriage; and, to tell the truth, she did not quite like his silence. He was a patient slave—a well-trained husband she would have said—as a rule; at the most, he grumbled a little, and ultimately submitted—as a husband should. But that he should say nothing on such a subject, was an entirely novel experience to Mrs. Boyes. Had he stormed and fumed she could have met him, and outstormed him, without much difficulty; would have greatly preferred it, in fact. But his silence was too much for her; it would have been like tilting at a meal-sack to scold at him; might, even, have produced consequences awful to contemplate—from her point of view. So she made an heroic effort, and wisely held her tongue, for once in her life.

But she was very well pleased with the marriage for all that; was it not the result of her own skilful management? George had nothing to do with it, of course not; how could a man, however clever—and George, being *her* nephew, was no fool—have induced a romantic, sentimental, love-sick girl to forget her dead lover? She—Mrs. Boyes, that is—had known the truth all along, so she had come to believe, by some process of feminine ratiocination utterly beyond masculine comprehension. It was a

false rumour, which had somehow got into the paper, very luckily for George. But it would have done him no good without her help ; she had appealed to Edith's pride—"which she takes from me," thought Mrs. Boyes, complacently, and had succeeded. Edith was married, for better of course ; how could it be for worse ? Unless— Mrs. Boyes did not pursue the subject further.

"Lady Julia Strong." The servant's announcement of the Bishop's lady came as a relief, strange to say, from thoughts Presumably pleasant.

"How do you do, dear ?" Mrs. Boyes and her ladyship were already in the extremes of most fervent and endearing feminine friendship. Why, it would be difficult to say, unless it were that they were fellow-exiles from the paradise of British society. Lady Julia trusted to Mrs. Archdeacon, whose exile had been longer, to initiate her into the extraordinary ways of the very inferior colonials ; Mrs. Boyes felt that her affectionate intimacy with Lady Julia Strong, our Bishop's wife, would more than counter-balance the precedence claimed by Mrs. Dean.

"Very well, dear," answered Lady Julia, during the customary interchange of chaste osculation. "Have your young people got back ?" alluding to the (supposed) loving honeymoon-couple.

"Yes, they reached Alnwick last Saturday," said Mrs. Boyes. "George wrote to me yesterday."

"A model son-in-law," exclaimed her ladyship, admiringly ; or could it be ironically ? Surely not.

"He was always fond of me," returned Mrs. Boyes, complacently. "Besides, is he not my own Edith's husband ?" Had the Archdeacon heard her, he would have doubted the evidence of his ears, or his wife's entire sanity.

Lady Julia accepted it at par ; or appeared to do so, which did as well. "How nice," she murmured, sweetly. She could not think of anything to say, so took refuge in that favourite feminine expression of vague, and all-embracing comprehension.

"So the dear Duchess is dead," remarked Mrs. Boyes, after a pause, speaking as sadly as if she had lost a near and dear relation.

"Ah, yes !" echoed Lady Julia ; "hers is a sad loss, in these days of Ritualism and Romanism. The young Duke is most extreme." Again, irony might have been suspected, in any one

else, by so suspicious a person as Mrs. Boyes. But how *could* she suspect dear Lady Julia.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Boyes; "that young Franklin."

"Yes, dear!" Her ladyship, scenting something really interesting, was all attention.

Mrs. Boyes would have resented the interruption, as she might have suspected possible irony in any one else. Dear Lady Julia was, of course, a privileged person, as Earl's daughter, and Bishop's wife. "I heard from a friend in Alnwick," continued Mrs. Boyes, with due solemnity, "that he preached the most extreme sermon last Sunday night."

"Then you think—" Lady Julia left the sentence incomplete, probably from lack of words sufficiently forcible, while still lady-like, to express her feelings. Mrs. Boyes had no difficulty, and no hesitation, in filling up the hiatus.

"I'm quite sure he'll go over, when he comes back," she said, emphatically. If Franklin did not go over after such a prophecy, on the part of such an authority on controversial ecclesiastical subjects, Mrs. Boyes would never forgive him. Of course she was afraid that he would be lost in consequence, having a pious, and truly British horror of Popery. With her, as with many others, the right of private judgment can, and must, only be exercised in favour of "our purer faith."

"My dear! how dreadful!" Her ladyship was duly horrified. "I must tell the Bishop." Lady Julia never called him anything else, in public; not even to dear Mrs. Boyes; though there *was* a report, among the less reverent juniors, that, on hearing him call "deuce!" in a game of tennis, she had exclaimed, faintly, "Oh, William Alnwick! how could you say such a naughty word?" But it was, probably, a libel.

"Yes, dear," assented Mrs. Boyes, after a moment's reflection, "it might be as well his lordship should be warned in time. His own views are so sound"—in any one else, Mrs. Boyes would have considered them awful—"that he cannot possibly approve of such extreme preaching, especially in a young curate lately come into the diocese." Mrs. Boyes had never forgiven Franklin for nearly spoiling her plan; unlike the Major, she could not make him suffer by bringing him constantly into Edith's society. But, by means of her influence with Lady Julia, she *might* manage to make things uncomfortable. He was away just now; well, she might set things going ready for his return. What business had he to try to win Edith?

What right had he to be so popular that there was already a talk of making Gateshead a separate parish, and of appointing him as Rector? She would stop that, if she possibly could. She did not forgive or forget in a hurry.

"Of course not," answered Lady Julia; as a matter of fact, she was not at all sure that her husband did not rather incline to extreme views. But she did not care to contradict her dear friend; she had an intuition that Mrs. Archdeacon could be nasty when put out. So having heard the news about that poor girl—as she called Edith, to herself and to her husband—and, as Mrs. Boyes thought, agreed to arrange about Franklin with the Bishop, she kissed her dear one, as before, and returned to Bishops-court.

"Been to see Mrs. Archdeacon, Julia?" inquired the Bishop, who was smoking a most unepiscopal looking meerschaum—relic of days of greater freedom and less dignity—in a very comfortable study.

"Yes," answered his wife; "you know, dear, I haven't been near her for more than a week."

"All the better," returned the Bishop, emphatically; "that woman has the worst tongue, and the most awful temper in New South Wales."

"Still, I can't break off too suddenly," said Lady Julia. Had Mrs. Boyes heard the conversation—herself unseen—the blow to her self-esteem would, in all probability, have proved fatal. The Bishop's wife had been her very dearest and most special friend ever since the plum-pudding *contretemps*, related at the beginning of this most veracious chronicle. They had exchanged the most touching and intimate confidences, such as are, apparently, the fruits of such close, and sudden, feminine friendship. And now, Lady Julia allowed her husband to abuse dear Mrs. Boyes, without saying a word in her defence, but, rather, made excuses for calling on her as often as once a week.

"No, I suppose not." There was a certain unconventional straightforwardness about the Bishop of Alnwick, which inclined him to make very light of the petty proprieties of society. He was not quite so free now as he had been when Rector of a village in his native Lancashire; there, he could be as outspoken as he pleased; here, in his diocese, he was checked by the proverbial responsibilities of office. He did not at all approve of Mrs. Boyes—when he came to know her, which did not take him long—and did his best to check the friendship

between her and his wife. But he did like the Archdeacon, though he thought him easy-going to a fault; in any case, an open breach between Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Archdeacon, was simply not to be thought of.

"I wanted to hear news of that poor girl," resumed Lady Julia; "they have come back."

"Then she knows?" The Archdeacon had told the Bishop of Edith's engagement to the son of his old friend; the rest of the story was easy to supply.

"Yes, she must have heard him preach on Sunday evening," said her ladyship, who had a sympathetic heart—like all true women—for lovers' sorrows, and was keenly interested in this romance, to use the word in the old sense, which had happened with people she knew. She had fallen in love with Edith, just as Mrs. Heryot had done, had taken a great fancy to Franklin, and was really pained by the sad ending of their love. It had seemed so natural, so fitting in every way.

"The Archdeacon writes me it was a wonderful sermon," said the Bishop, taking a letter from the table; "he is a young man who will make his mark, and very soon too."

"Mrs. Boyes says it was a most extreme sermon," returned his wife, laughing; "she spoke in the most horror-stricken, solemn tones. Asked me to warn his lordship against such a dangerous young man. She was sure his lordship's views were very different!" Lady Julia imitated Mrs. Boyes to perfection. It might be unkind, might even be unbecoming—word of awful import—in the Bishop's lady. But the temptation was irresistible, and her husband, being human, enjoyed it thoroughly.

"He is rather extreme, certainly," the Bishop continued; "the Archdeacon told me as much in his first letter about him. But he'll tone down, when he gets older."

"Mrs. Boyes says he is sure to 'go over' very soon," said Lady Julia, more seriously.

"God forbid," answered the Bishop, earnestly. "God knows, I would never stand in the way, if a man is convinced, but I should be sorry to lose him."

"Do you think he will?" asked his wife, with much interest.

"If he does, it will be Mrs. Archdeacon's fault," said the Bishop, with evident conviction.

"How do you mean?" Lady Julia could not quite understand; it was not that she had any inclination to defend Mrs. Boyes.

"I mean that this trouble will influence him more strongly in favour of Rome than any Protestantism of his congregation."

"That is breaking down, is it not?" Lady Julia was an enthusiastic Churchwoman by birth, training, and personal inclination. Not extreme, but certainly High.

"To a certain extent, yes. Franklin can do almost anything with his people, after all he has done for them."

"And you think——?"

"That his love of his work, and the responsibility of a parish of his own, will keep him with us; at least, I sincerely hope so." Possibly, the Bishop spoke as the result of experience; certainly, that same love of work, and the responsibilities of office have outweighed, with many, the otherwise insoluble doubts and difficulties of the Anglican position, and have kept them, almost in spite of themselves, from the City of sure and certain Refuge, from what *is*, to those who seek it, the City of God.

"I hope so too." Lady Julia did not know what doubts were, would have thought it the sin of schism to have entered a Roman church, so simply did not understand how an Anglican, and especially an Anglican priest, could be so disloyal as to forsake the Church of his Baptism. But she did realize, to some extent, what a broken heart might lead a man, or a woman, to do, if only to find relief—if possible.

"He has gone away for two months," the Bishop resumed; "he was in absolute need of rest and change; he sailed on Monday night for Sydney."

"Where will he stay?" inquired Lady Julia.

"With friends in Launceston," was the reply; "it is a good thing in every way."

"Yes," said his wife, "for her and for him; they will both be braver at the end of two months, at least, I hope so." Her interest in the subject brought tears to her kindly blue eyes.

"I hope so too. When he comes back, or soon after, I will make him Rector of Gateshead."

"So she is married, for better, for worse," continued her ladyship, who seemed unwilling to dismiss the subject. There was a painful fascination about it; she had no children of her own, but was an inveterate novel reader, and this story in real life was much more vivid and interesting than any she had ever read.

"For worse, only, I am afraid, poor girl," returned the Bishop, gravely; "how can it be otherwise, tricked as she was,

by a cowardly, cruel lie, into *holy* matrimony? It is almost like a sacrilege," he added, earnestly.

"Then you think the Major——" said Lady Julia.

"Think!" exclaimed her husband. "I am morally certain of it, and so is the Archdeacon. Who else but he had any interest in putting that false report in the *Chronicle*, just after the Archdeacon had received a letter which turns out to be a clever forgery?"

"O William! are you sure?" It seemed to Lady Julia almost incredible. Ugly things, *human* things, had been kept hidden from her, first by her father, and then by her husband. It was a mistake, no doubt, but it had seemed such a pity to soil her innocent mind with knowledge of the sordid, evil possibilities of human nature, uninfluenced by Church doctrine and practice, by any form of Christianity. So it really was almost beyond her grasp that a gentleman could stoop so low.

"Sure?" repeated the Bishop. "The Archdeacon asked Dr. Turner, the supposed writer, and he denied having written it. He could not, for it was *dated after the barrier was closed*. Who else had any interest in the matter?"

Lady Julia was convinced at last. "O William!" she said, sadly, with tears in her eyes and in her voice: "the poor girl! Can nothing be done for her?"

"Nothing," was the grave answer, "only to pray for her, that her faith fail not. She has a heavy cross to bear, Julia, heavier than you and I can realize."

"God help her," said Lady Julia, earnestly. Then, all of a sudden, something seemed to occur to her. "William," she exclaimed; then stopped short.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, gently, seeing that she hesitated.

"Don't be angry, dear," she pleaded, deprecatingly; "you know I never say anything about your sacred duties as a Bishop, but——" Again she hesitated.

"But what, little wife?" he demanded, half playfully, drawing her nearer to him, though not, as a rule, of a demonstrative nature. "Tell me what you want to say."

She made up her mind to say it, though it seemed to her a most serious matter that she, a mere woman—though his wife—should dare to advise a Bishop of the Church of God; she being no Mrs. Proudie, but a loyal Churchwoman. "William, do you

think it wise to leave Mr. Franklin in Alnwick?" she said, almost in a whisper.

It struck him for the first time. "You are quite right, dear," he answered, approvingly and affectionately, filling her with loving, tender, wifely pride; "but what can I do? I cannot change without assigning a cause, and what cause can I give?"

"Couldn't you persuade Dr. Turner to say that the work is too hard for him?" she said, taking courage from the way her husband had received her first suggestion. "I'm sure it is, too," she added, with charming, feminine conviction, "quite sure."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the Bishop, smiling, yet gravely, too. It was really worth thinking about. Nobody could, possibly, say things about such a reasonable and natural proceeding. Franklin had injured his health in labouring among the small-pox patients, therefore he, as Bishop of the diocese, had decided to give him less arduous work, for a time, at all events.

"Didn't he break down?" returned Lady Julia, as if precluding any further argument on such a very self-evident subject.

"Feminine reason, my dear," rejoined her husband, laughing. Then, with more serious air and tones, "I will think about it," he continued, "and consult the Archdeacon."

"Thank you, dear," she said, lovingly, as she kissed him, almost as if he had done her a personal favour—perhaps he had, considering her absorbing interest in the matter—"now I'll go and get you your afternoon tea."

Just as Lady Julia was leaving the study, the front-door bell rang. "Who can that be?" she said, stopping short; "not Mrs. Boyes, surely, coming to inform against that dreadful young curate in case I don't do it properly."

The Bishop laughed at the picture conceived; then the butler, respectful, respectable, pompous, and British, announced, "The Archdeacon to see you, m'lord."

The Bishop was not so much surprised as might have been expected; such coincidences, as he knew, were apt to occur at any time. "Show him in," he said, quietly, to the butler; then, as that functionary left the room: "Better leave us, dear," he added, turning to his wife; "it may be diocesan business, or some serious matter." He felt, somehow, he could not have told why, that this visit had reference to the subject which he and his wife had been discussing.

"How do you do, Mr. Archdeacon?" he said, cordially, shaking hands, as with a friend.

"Very well, thank you, my lord; and yourself?" But there was that in the Archdeacon's face, which, control himself as he might, and as he did, could not escape the quick eyes of a man long accustomed to deal with his fellow-men in spiritual things.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, coming to the point at once, much to the Archdeacon's relief.

"I have a great favour to ask you, my lord," he returned, speaking earnestly and quickly; his agitation was almost beyond his mastery.

"And that is?" inquired the Bishop.

"Not to appoint Franklin as Rector of Gateshead."

The Bishop held out his hand, and the Archdeacon took it. "I understand," was all that he said, but it was enough for the Archdeacon.

"Thank you, my lord," he said, gratefully. He could say no more.

There was silence for several minutes; then the Bishop seemed to come to a decision about which he had thought earnestly. "Is it as bad as that?" he asked, not curiously, but with evident and genuine sympathy.

"Yes, and worse," was the Archdeacon's answer; "my lord, I must tell you," he burst out, suddenly; almost, as it were, in spite of himself; "tell you, as if in confession."

"Certainly," replied the Bishop, gravely; "remember, I am still a brother-priest, as well as your Bishop."

"My lord, he asked Franklin to dinner on Monday night"—both men knew whom he referred to—"and Franklin declined."

"Thank God," came from the Bishop, as the other paused for a moment.

"He got drunk—out of spite—and struck her."

"The cowardly brute." The language was not episcopal, but it was certainly excusable.

"She told me this morning, against her will almost."

"Will she leave him?" inquired the Bishop, anxiously.

"No," was the answer; "she believes it her duty to stay with him and try to win him. God help her. God help her."

"God help her indeed," the Bishop repeated, earnestly.

"But if Franklin remains long in Gateshead—" The Archdeacon seemed unable to continue the sentence.

"I understand," was the answer. "I will do what I can."

"God bless you, my lord." There were tears in the eyes of both men, and neither was ashamed of the fact; what was there to be ashamed of? But from that day the two men were close and loyal friends, more so than they could otherwise have been.

The rest can be best gathered from the following correspondence :

Bishopscourt, Lethington.
May 7, 1876.

Private and Confidential.

My dear Sir,—As I have urgent personal reasons for desiring to remove Mr. Franklin to a less arduous sphere of work, but have no assignable cause for doing so which I can make public, I shall be greatly obliged if you can make it consistent with professional etiquette to provide me with a medical opinion, stating that you consider further work in the parish of Gateshead would seriously and permanently injure Mr. Franklin's health. (Excuse this long sentence.) I need scarcely add that it is only my warm personal interest in Mr. Franklin, whom I esteem most highly, that induces me to take such a step.

An early answer will oblige,

Yours very faithfully,
W. B. ALNWICK.

Richard Turner, Esq. M.D.

121 High Street, Alnwick.

May 8, 1876.

My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge your lordship's letter, just received, and to thank you for the confidence reposed. In reply, allow me to state that I am entirely of your opinion, and have no hesitation whatever in supplying the certificate which your lordship will find enclosed. Indeed, as Mr. Franklin's sincere friend and admirer, I feel certain that the change you propose will be of real service to him. This letter, I may add, is entirely at your lordship's disposal.

I remain, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient servant,

RICHARD TURNER.

The Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of Alnwick.

Bishopscourt, Lethington.

Bishopscourt, Lethington, May 9th, 1876.

My dear Mr. Franklin,—I was very sorry to hear from the Archdeacon of your need of rest and change; he fears that all you have undergone [the Bishop had some difficulty in forming this phrase], may have permanently affected your health. You have my full permission to remain as long as may be necessary; but, upon mature consideration, and after consulting with the Archdeacon and Dr. Turner, I have decided to appoint you as Rector, *pro tem.*, of Woollongong—a

village in the mountains—for a year at least. After that, I hope, please God, to make you Rector of the new parish of Gateshead, a post which you so entirely deserve. The enclosed certificate from Dr. Turner, will show you, if you desire proof—though I have all possible confidence in your loving obedience—that there is real need for the rest and change of air and surroundings which this plan is intended to afford you.

Believe me to remain,

Your affectionate Father in God,

WILLIAM B. ALNWICK.

The Bishop was very well satisfied with this letter, on the whole, and so was the Archdeacon, to whom he showed it. The reason assigned was a real and an important one; there was neither obligation nor occasion for telling Franklin the *other* reason. He really needed change, otherwise the Bishop could not have done anything in the matter, feeling as he did that it would not be fitting, even to hint to Franklin, of any possible danger in his remaining in Alnwicks. Such a hint—so unaccountable is human nature—might precipitate what it was intended to avert. Moreover, the Bishop could not, of course, recognize the existence of any love, however innocent it might be, and, doubtless, really was, between a priest and the wife of another man. So the reason supplied by Franklin's health made action on the Bishop's part both right and prudent.

In due time, Franklin's answer came. It expressed loyal and willing obedience, as the Bishop had felt sure that it would. But it contained a request—which will be told in its place—to which the Bishop gave a hearty assent. He felt that it was the best thing possible for Franklin, and that it relieved himself from a serious responsibility.

Reviews.

I.—PROFESSOR GARDINER AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.¹

IN this, his long-promised reply to Father Gerard's *What was the Gunpowder Plot?*² Professor Gardiner argues that the arguments adduced to discredit the traditional story of the famous Powder Treason, will not bear close examination, and that the said traditional story is the true one, at least in all important particulars. "My first hypothesis is," he writes,³ "that the traditional story is true—cellar, mine, the Monteagle letter and all. . . . I shall ask my readers to watch narrowly whether the traditional story meets with any obstacles inconsistent with its substantial truth."

The task thus undertaken is undoubtedly a very big one, and one demanding no small degree of courage, for the all important Monteagle letter has been given up by modern historians, having precisely the same evidence to go upon as we have to-day, who consider it to have been a mere device to disguise the truth of the manner in which the government of James I. became aware of the conspiracy.⁴ It appears by no means probable that the elaborate arguments adduced by Professor Gardiner in support of his hypothesis will be allowed to pass unchallenged, but any examination of them is quite out of the question within the narrow limits to which a review such as this must be confined. It is, however, important to remark how frankly and unreservedly he gives up the only point which, if historical theories were to be adopted upon any other grounds than those afforded by historical evidence, might be supposed to influence a Catholic writer in endeavouring to show that the Gunpowder Plot was not what it is still too often said to have been.

¹ *What Gunpowder Plot was.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D. viii, 208 pp. Longmans, 1897.

² Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co., 1896.

³ P. 13.

⁴ E.g., Mr. Jardine and Professor J. S. Brewer.

"No candid person," writes Professor Gardiner,¹ "can feel surprise that any English Roman Catholic, especially a Roman Catholic priest, should feel anxious to wipe away the reproach which the plot has brought upon those who share his faith. Not merely were his spiritual predecessors subjected to a persecution borne with the noblest and least self-assertive constancy, simply in consequence of what is now known to all historical students to have been the entirely false charge that the plot emanated from, or was approved by the English Roman Catholics as a body, but this false belief prevailed so widely that it must have hindered, to no slight extent, the spread of that organization which he regards as having been set forth by divine institution for the salvation of mankind."

So frank and full an avowal is something new on the part of a non-Catholic writer, and coming from one whose authority stands so high amongst historians, it is eminently gratifying and satisfactory. But does it not go far to weaken Professor Gardiner's position? This "entirely false charge" was not only an integral part of the traditional story, but was sedulously propagated by the very men who have transmitted that story to us.

2.—PAUL ZI, ONE OF THE EARLIEST CHINESE CONVERTS.

The Shanghai Jesuits have just published, under the authority of their Bishop, a Chinese edition of the Life of Paul Zi, put together from materials collected in French by Father Colombel, of that mission. The frontispiece gives a most excellent and life-like portrait of Ricci and Paul, which is one of the finest specimens of Chinese portrait art that has ever appeared. It seems that early in 1601, Ricci addressed an explanatory statement to the Emperor Wan-li; this document is given *in extenso*. Ricci died at Peking in 1610, but Zi's relations were continued with Longobardi, Diaz, Pantoja, Sabbatin des Ursis, and other Jesuits. A high Chinese official named Shén K'ioh denounced these "rascally barbarians;" but Zi, who then held a distinguished post also, boldly took up the cudgels in their defence; publicly proclaimed himself their friend; and, when the persecutions began with the expulsion of Vagnani, protested against their injustice. The Ming dynasty

¹ P. 2.

was now tottering to its fall: Paul Zi offered to proceed to Corea, and endeavour to interest the Coreans in Christianity; but that country had just been overrun by the Japanese, and was hardly prepared for a new revolution. After the accession of the Emperor T'ien-k'i, Zi had to struggle against the intrigues of the celebrated eunuch, Wei Chung-hien, who was at last executed in 1628, when Zi was restored to favour: the foreigners at Peking were ordered to remain there as army instructors. Longobardi and Terrenz were also able to justify their usefulness by correcting errors in the eclipse calculations. The Mussulman system, introduced by the Mongols, was the one followed at the Imperial Observatory; but Paul Zi started a private one of his own; the services of Schaal and Rho were engaged by him, and he recommended that Portuguese assistance should be utilized in repelling the attacks of the Manchus. Zi died at Peking in 1633, and his coffin was taken to his native village, near Shanghai, for burial: the spot is still called Siccawei, or Zi-ka Wei, *i.e.*, the "pool of the Zi family."

There have been twenty generations to this day. In 1870, it was stated in the *Chinese Recorder* that the house in which Paul Zi was born was then still standing, and in the occupation of Zi Wén-ying, who stated that his ancestor (contrary, of course, to the Catholic statements) never formally embraced Christianity. But this correspondent is evidently untrustworthy, for he states that Ricci saw Paul die, and continued to preach in Shanghai after his death. This is, of course, a mistake. The missionary who accompanied the coffin to Shanghai was François Brancati.

The whole of the official correspondence, including memorials and decrees, having reference to the above matters, is given in this book, which is well worth the perusal of those who are able to read Chinese. Probably the cost, post free from Shanghai, is not over one shilling.

3.—NOTES D'EPIGRAPHIE MONGOLE-CHINOISE.¹

M. Devéria is official translator in Chinese to the French Foreign Office, and has already published a number of valuable pamphlets upon Asiatic subjects. It appears that, until the

¹ *Notes d'Epigraphie Mongole-Chinoise.* By Gabriel Devéria. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

recent publication of Prince Roland Bonaparte's *Collection of Mongol Documents*, there were only known as many specimens of 'Phags-pa writing as one could count on the fingers of the hand. This was the national script of the Mongols for a whole century. Of the six new inscriptions given to the world by Prince Roland, M. Devéria explains four—a land deed, dated 1283; an edict touching the taxing of priests, dated 1288; one touching Christianity and other religions, dated 1314, in connection with which M. Devéria gives us a very interesting sketch of the whole Christian question in the thirteenth century; a decree concerning the philosopher Mencius, dated 1316; and another, upon the same subject, dated 1331. The pamphlet covers about ninety pages, and is a valuable record in connection with Mongol-Christian subjects; but its detail is too technical for the "general reader" not specially interested, and therefore we do no more here than call the attention of experts to the work.

Not the least interesting part of M. Devéria's *brochure* is the wood-cut, on page 80, of a Christian cross, found at Khoten by M. Grenard, in 1895.

4.—NEW POEMS.¹

No one, we presume, would dream of ranking poets according to the quantity of their productions; yet there is in some critics a disposition to multiply quantity into quality, or at least to discount a certain amount of first-class work by setting over against it a large amount of careless or third-class work. On this averaging system of criticism, Mr. Thompson would have to take a somewhat humble rank among our poets; but so would Wordsworth. Obviously the truer test is that which is furnished by the height to which the poet can rise when at his best; though we need not deny that he who can maintain himself constantly at or near his highest mark is, other things equal, a greater man than he who rarely and spasmodically attains that height. Yet this constancy is perhaps rather the note of talent which knows when it is doing well, and why, than of genius which knows not.

There are passages in Mr. Thompson's "Ode to the Setting Sun" and "Any Saint"—to instance a few out of many—where the thought rises as high as mortal wings can well carry it;

¹ *New Poems.* By Francis Thompson. Archibald Constable and Co., 1897.

while there is a delicacy and deep tenderness in the "Nocturn," in "My Lady Tyranness," "To a Snow-flake," "Ex ore Infantum," which we can appreciate most keenly in itself, without having recourse to the vulgarity of comparisons. With all this, it must be confessed that the mere labour of translation is at times almost beyond endurance; and we hold firmly to the principle that obscurity, however it be a necessity in the expression of the higher mysteries, is not in itself desirable, but should be minimized. It is not necessary to use an unknown tongue in order to be not "understanding of the people," as even Patmore seemed at times to think; the higher truths are of their own nature hidden from the vulgar, the more so for being clothed in homely garb like the Gospel parables. It is in many instances where Mr. Thompson's language is most obscure, far-fetched, conscious, that the conception, when at last extracted, is most jejune, and such as would have admitted of expression in fifty simpler ways. It is surely not by such devices, but by being true to himself, and giving direct and simple expression to himself, that Mr. Thompson may best hope to escape the doom of "popularity."

5.—THE PLATITUDES OF A PESSIMIST.¹

This is one of the books we are naturally anxious for some of our friends to read, in the vain hope that, unlike ourselves, they may recognize themselves mirrored therein. It would be a "useful" book (awful thought) were each reader to select his own cap from the assortment, but as each will select his neighbour's, it is nothing but amusing. There is certainly too much of it; for although no one is obliged to surfeit himself, yet an overladen table is bad form. Three booklets of *Prig* dimensions would have been much better. There is indeed nothing unkind, and much that is kindly, in the satire; nor is the author's pessimism deep-seated. Still to dine with the *Prig* would be somewhat of an ordeal for a nervously self-conscious individual, unused to mixing in society, and loath to stand as model for a sketch in the *Saturday*.

¹ *The Platitudes of a Pessimist.* By the Author of *The Life of a Prig.* London: Kegan Paul, 1897.

6.—PASTORAL THEOLOGY.¹

This book is already too well known to need any further commendation from us. It treats scientifically and at the same time very practically the duties of the pastoral calling, *i.e.*, the ministry of the Word and of the Sacraments, and the government of the faithful, singly and collectively. Coming as it does from the American College, Louvain, it is in every respect brought up to the level of modern requirements.

7.—PRACTICAL STUDIES ON THE PARABLES.²

These were written while the author was still a member of the Anglican communion; but as can be well imagined, they contain nothing distinctively Anglican or non-Catholic. They are good, readable, practical instructions, very useful in the hands of preachers and teachers who want to give old truths a new turn; and if they lack that power and originality which distinguished the author as a preacher, they are not without a freshness and force which is all their own.

¹ *Pastoral Theology.* By the Rev. William Stang, D.D. Second Edition. New York: Benziger, 1897.

² *Practical Studies on the Parables.* Maturin. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IT was a happy thought of the Catholic Truth Society to institute its "Peacock-blue" series, the diversified contents of which are calculated to invite the most jaded reader, whilst their excellent quality is sure to agree with him. We have before us two new volumes of this series—33 and 34—which are in every way up to the high level of their predecessors. The first of these opens with Cardinal Vaughan's famous address, delivered at St. John's, Great Ormond Street, on the Anglican Archbishop's reply to the Pope, supplemented by the *Tablet* article upon the same subject. Next we have the Bishop of Newport's pastoral letter on Church Music—which delicate question none can treat, not only with greater authority, but with more of the force which accompanies a thoroughly judicial treatment of the subject; Dr. Casartelli's sketch of the Church in Japan; Father Burton's *Bishop Challoner*; Father Donnelly's *Rome and the Bible*; No. 25 of the *Catholic's Library of Tales* (containing two stories); and three of Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales*. The other volume appropriately begins with *The Coming of St. Augustine*, extracted from Venerable Bede, with an Introduction by Abbot Snow, which should be studied by all who desire to appreciate the full significance of the great event to the commemoration of which the coming Catholic Conference is to be devoted. This is followed by Mr. Chapman's *Why I became a Catholic*, which made so much impression upon those who heard it delivered in form of a lecture at the Westminster Town Hall, last October; *Alleged failures of Infallibility*, by Father Coupe, S.J.; *The true Story of Barbara Ubryk*, by Father Sydney Smith; *No Sacrifice; No Priest; or, Why Anglican Orders were condemned*, by the Rev. A. S. Barnes; and *Sergeant Jones and his Talks about Confession*, by Father Bampfield; with another instalment of *The Catholic's Library*.

of *Tales* and of *Wayside Tales*. This is surely enough to tempt all appetites, and the volumes cost but a shilling each.

On the seasonable subject of the Apostle of England has also been issued as a penny pamphlet Father S. Smith's paper, *The Landing of St. Augustine*, which first appeared in our issue for May [Historical Series]. In the same form we have *Cannot: a Dialogue showing which Religion really believes the Bible*, by Father Bampfield; and *Indifferentism*, by Father Coupe. The Comtesse de Courson's sketch of *The Jesuits*, will be welcomed by those who know B.N.'s excellent history of the Order. (Threepence).

The Spanish Crucifix and other Tales, by Ymal Oswin, issued by the Catholic Truth Society in the new-fashioned "breast-pocket" shape, will doubtless be found by many a pleasant travelling companion during the coming holiday season.

Besides the various publications already mentioned, Father Bampfield has issued *The Panegyric of St. Ignatius*, which he delivered in Farm Street Church, on the feast of the Saint, two years ago, prefixing to it a singularly affectionate dedication to the Fathers of the Society.

II.—MAGAZINES.

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. (August.)

General Intention for the Month: "The Apostleship of Good Example." Chapters on the Apostleship of Prayer: "Its Advantages" (continued). Short Points for First Friday Meditations: VII. The Suffering Heart of Jesus. Miniature Sermons. XXVI. Stories of Our Island Saints: Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J. And other articles.

Some articles from foreign Magazines:

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (July.)

The Benedictine Congregation of the Presentation and its Suppression. *Dom U. Berlière*. Bulletin of Benedictine History. (By the same.) Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (July.)

Early Christian Monumental Representations of Paradise. *C. M. Kaufman*. Catholic Catechisms, 1400—1700, and Attribution. *Dr. J. Mausbach*. Cardinal Moran, Pastor and Historian. *Dr. A. Bellesheim*. Reviews, &c.

The *ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES*. (July 5.)

M. Paul Janet on the Relations of Philosophy and Theology.
Father Roure, S.J. Queen Victoria's Jubilee. (Part 2.)
Father Prélot, S.J. The Gospels and the Critics.
Father Prat, S.J. Among the Mathematicians. *Father Poulain, S.J.*

— (July 20.)

Traditional and Modern Apologetics. *Father Le Bachelet, S.J.*
 Morality and Chemistry. *Father Martin, S.J.* The Working Classes in England. *Father Forbes, S.J.*

The *CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA*. (July 3.)

Vanishing Rome. The Freedom of the Pope and Religious Pomp.

— (July 17.)

Italian Conspiracies against Lourdes. Spontaneous Generation and the old Philosophy.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (July 1.)

Josephus on our Lord. *Father Kneller, S.J.* Buddhism and the Science of Comparative Religion. *Father Dahlmann, S.J.* The Triumph of Cold. *Father Dressel, S.J.* Commercial Rivalries. *Father Schwarz, S.J.*

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (July.)

Art in Belgium. *E. Périer.* Islamism. *A. Castelein, S.J.* Mère Angelique, of Port Royal. *Ch. Woesie.* Abdul Hamid and the Powers (conclusion). *V. Brifaut.* A Journey in Rhodesia (concluded). *A. Bordeaux.*

